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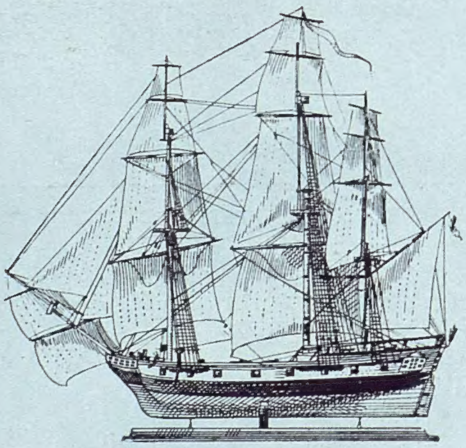

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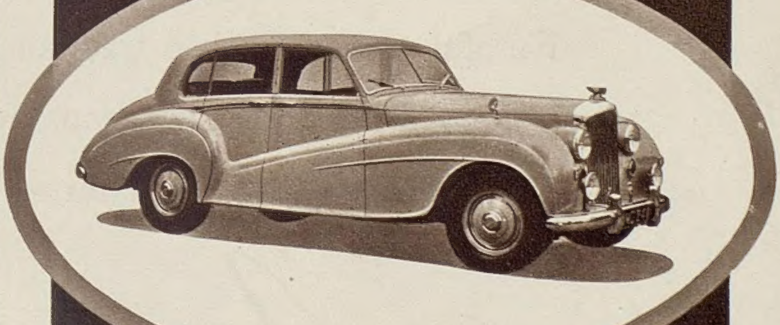

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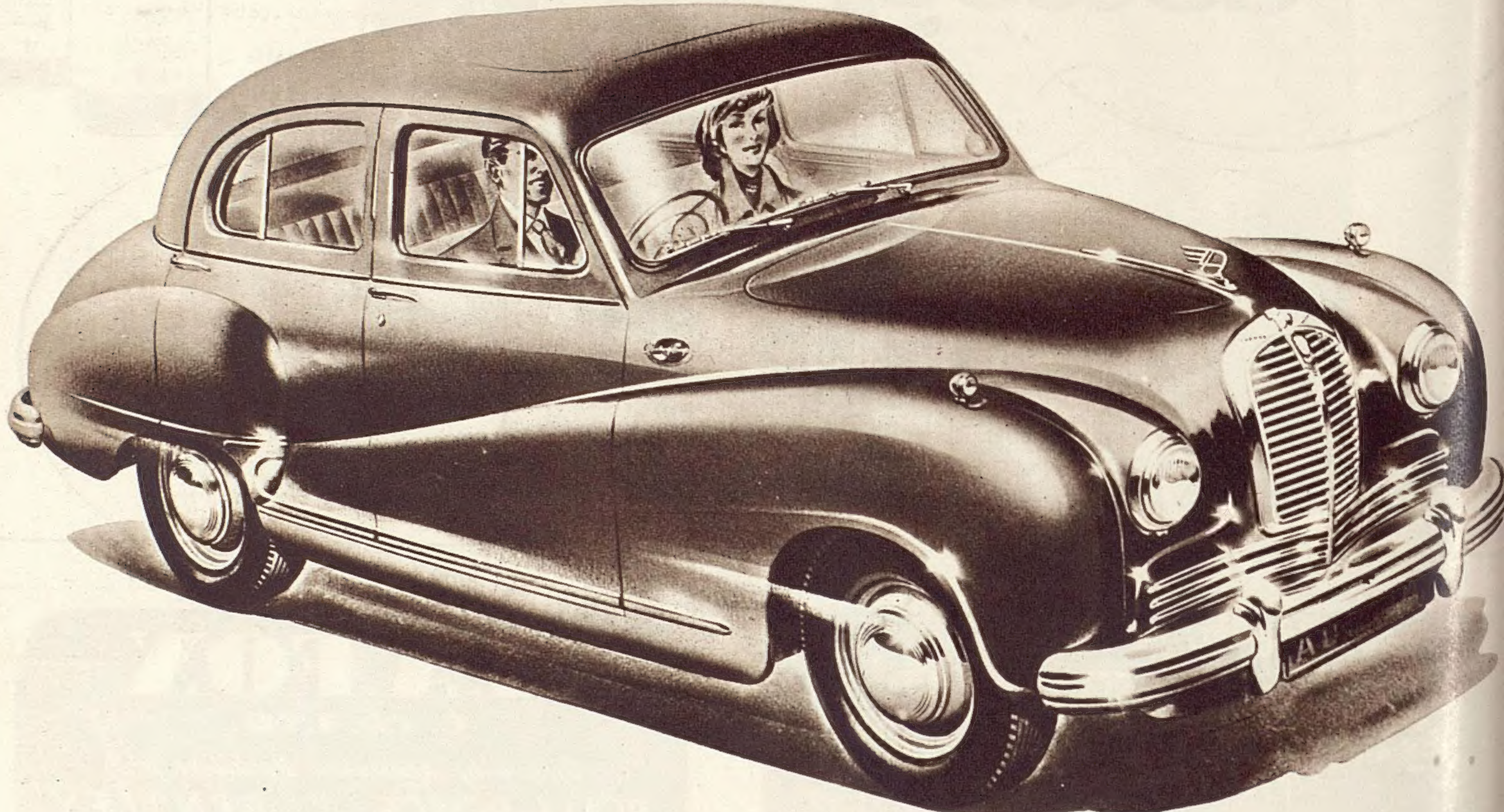

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1951

*Photographed by Anthony Buckley.*

MICHELLE FARMER

. . . nineteen-year-old daughter of Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer, was born in Farm Street, W.1, and recently paid her first visit to this country since she left it as a baby. She returned to America to spend Christmas with her mother, but is expected back within a week or so to live in London and fulfil an ambition to work in English repertory.

THE BEAGLING SEASON.—A typical meet of beagles, whose season continues until March : Followers of the Old Berkeley Beagles at Lord Dudley's house, Great Westwood, near Amersham, Bucks. Lord Dudley is at right centre, holding stick.

# Sketch-Book

## BEVERLEY BAXTER

*JAMAICA : January.*

WHAT day is this ? What date is it ? Surprisingly enough I do not care. You gentlemen at home in England know exactly what day of the week it is and even the hour, but I am in Jamaica, sitting in the sun and sipping a rum cocktail. The sea is blue, quite, quite blue. The sun is scorching hot and the trees are festooned with fruit. A white ship has just appeared off the coast, even as did the ship that Columbus sailed.

They call it " Discovery Bay " where Columbus landed, and there is a certain liveliness in the settlement. That is one of the great advantages of travel. We all know that Columbus discovered America, but no one ever told me (or you) that he also discovered Jamaica.

This important fact is recognised not only in Jamaica but at Nassau in the Bahamas. On the terrace of Government House there is an excellent monument to the great Spanish Benefactor of the British people. With an imaginativeness that is wholly commendable the sculptor depicted Columbus wearing a sombrero and carrying a long stick as he gazed towards the sea. Any ordinary sculptor would have put him aboard ship, but this fellow possessed the first requisite of the artist, which is to reject the obvious. In London we are less fortunate. Nothing can stop British sculptors from putting generals on horseback.

This is really a lovely day. To work on such a day is almost to commit blasphemy. In the fields across the road there are some native Jamaicans who obviously take the same view, for the Calypso goes on and on. It is of course quite, quite irresistible. Forgive the adjectival repetition, but Noël Coward is only half-a-mile away, and his influence is strong.

What haunting, lazy voices these natives have! They are children of the sun and find their pleasures and content in mere existence. They smile because they are alive, and the girls move with a grace that delights the eye because they are feminine and the sun is shining. So, on with the Calypso and the strumming of the guitars.

Is Jamaica, then, a Paradise without a care? I assure you it is not. The children who run beside your car and beg for pennies are a sign that the inexorable edict of economics does not spare this jewel set in a sapphire sea. Quite rightly we created universal suffrage here during the Hitler war, and quite obviously there have been political abuses. I am told that Jamaican politics are corrupt and that certain politicians do not hesitate to seek popularity by stirring up hatred between the blacks and the whites.

But on the surface this is a happy island. My host, Lord Beaverbrook, was almost the first Britisher to visit here after the war, and the natives, as well as the whites, were delighted. Now Montego Bay is the winter resort of many of our famous countrymen and countrywomen.

Last evening I journeyed up the hill to Ivor Novello's house, and found a scene that was absolutely out of *La Bohème*. Ivor, in pyjamas, was working out a new song for his next production. Alan Melville, in a sort of jungle costume, was painting on a canvas that had no easel. He only discovered two days ago that he could paint, and already the place is littered with his masterpieces. The curious thing is that the fellow has talent. In fact, I offered him thirty shillings for his painting of two black girls carrying baskets on their heads, but Alan held out for thirty-five shillings. It is sad to see the mercenary instinct developing so swiftly upon the artistic impulse.

Olive Gilbert, whose fine voice has adorned so many Novello productions, was the Bacchante of the occasion and dispensed the cocktails. Beatrice Lillie was sitting on the floor, giving imitations of recent happenings in London; and that grand trouper and artist, Phyllis Monkman, was all over the place.

To complete the atmosphere of *La Bohème*, we all sang Rudolfo's aria in the first act. Never was Mimi's tiny hand so frozen as when we got through with it. Melville not only sang very loudly, but completed another masterpiece during it. That 's the trouble with the fellow. He is going to kill his market with over-production.

* * *

*Later :* A violent storm has sprung up from nowhere. The waves are 20 ft. high and lashing the shore in fury. A white banana ship anchored a mile out is tossing crazily in the waves. The lighters going out to unload the ship are in distress and anxious crowds are lining the shore.

One of the men is washed away and drowned. Like the rest of us, he woke up this morning to a day of blue skies and a kindly sun. Now his body is floating somewhere in the sea.

ONE of the charms of air travel is its delightful uncertainty. Last Monday morning I left New York in a Stratocruiser bound for Nassau, where we would change to a Constellation coming from Miami; and so complete the journey to Kingston, Jamaica.

We left New York in normal winter weather and came down at Nassau in such a blazing sun that we were given rum punch as an act of courtesy by the local manufacturer. Now this, I hold, is a proper way to greet tourists. And no one can be so gentle and courteous as these white-uniformed darkies.

There was only one shadow upon the golden scene. The Constellation from Miami had been held up. In fact, it would not arrive until the next day. Thus does modern air travel bring back something of the uncertain charm of the stage-coach.

It was early dusk as we reached the hotel where we were told to spend the night, but it occurred to me as a Legislator that the proper thing to do was to call at Government House and sign the Book. A black sentry with a rifle explained that the Governor was out, but at that moment the Viceregal car drove up, and out stepped the Governor and his aide-de-camp.

Ten minutes later his Excellency, his aide and I were sipping a cocktail, and before we had finished, his car arrived with my luggage from the hotel. " But, of course, you must stay here to-night," said my host. That aide was the very pineapple of all aides-de-camp.

It may be snobbery, although I prefer to call it perfectionism. To land on an island where you do not know a living soul and find yourself two hours later staying at Government House is a pleasing experience. What is more, the Governor took me to a dinner at a lovely house, where he was, of course, the principal guest. This is the first Governorship ever held by Major-General Neville, and I predict that his term of office will be extremely successful. Perhaps I should add as a social note that his wife was away in England, where she had gone to fetch the children.

In the Bahamas you go to bed with the distant music of the natives and you wake to a chorale by a remarkable variety of birds that are of a singularly individualistic disposition. I counted twenty different sounds and then gave up.

At nine o'clock the Constellation turned up and we were off into an azure sky. On the way we passed over Cuba, which adds another country to my itinerary. That is Cuba, that was. Would that all sight-seeing could be done with such brevity and so little effort.

In all things the human element captures the interest. The stewardess on the 'plane from New York was an apple-cheeked girl from Upper Warlingham, which, as you ought to know, is in East Surrey and not far from Addington Golf Club. A day or so ago she had left London, and here she was dispensing sweets in the skies over the Caribbean. In the course of three weeks or so she would travel more miles than Columbus did in the whole of his life. But will there be a statue to her ?

The B.O.A.C. may lose money, but they run their 'planes and their aerodromes with courtesy and efficiency. And I say this with a clean conscience, having paid the full fare and no questions asked.

* * *

*Later :* Where we go swimming at Montego Bay there is a terrace with a restaurant, a bar, and an endless Calypso. Native boys in home-made boats plead for us to throw a shilling in the water so that they can dive for it. I threw one this morning and the boy who dived was down so long that I thought he was dead. At last he came up, but without the shilling. An hour later I came back to the same spot. Three boats of divers were around the spot, gazing through some kind of glass to try to locate the missing shilling. Yes, it is rather pitiful. Economically it must be all wrong. But the tenacity is admirable. Only in Scotland could it be equalled.

THIS has been a fascinating and stimulating trip. To leave England in a soggy, snarling winter and then experience in the *Empress of France* the joyous, boisterous mood of the Atlantic in all its majestic loneliness. . . . To disembark at Saint John, New Brunswick, with an honest winter snow covering the place with its white canopy. . . . Then to travel by train across hundreds of miles through Quebec and finally come to a full-stop at Toronto. . . . To feel the vigour and forthrightness of Canadian life in loyal Toronto and to realise that our oldest Dominion is surging with new strength and a consciousness of a limitless future. . . . Good-bye again and to wake in New York, with all its frenzy, its hooting motor horns, its audacious skyscrapers and elegant streets. . . .

It will be hard to settle down in London again and journey daily from St. John's Wood to Westminster, then back again and so to bed. Yet I would not like to think that I would have to live throughout the year in any place but London. In fact, the very thought of London again stirs my pulses.

But sometimes when the fog settles like a plague upon us at home, and the aggravations of existence weigh heavily upon our chests, my thoughts will philander with memories of Jamaica and the Bahamas. And in my mind's eye I shall see again these dusky, graceful girls with baskets upon their heads walking with the grace of queens, and my ears will be charmed once more by the lazy voices of the men and the strumming of the guitar as they sing of nothing much but the sun and the sky and the waves that break upon the shore.

Beverley Baxter

"..UNCERTAIN CHARM OF THE STAGE-COACH.."

"..WOULD THAT ALL SIGHT-SEEING COULD BE DONE WITH SUCH BREVITY.."

"..WALKING WITH THE GRACE OF QUEENS.."

Illustrated by Martin Aitchison.

Photographed by Karsh of Ottawa

# DAUGHTER OF CANADA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL

THE HON. ROSE ALEXANDER, daughter of Field Marshal Lord Alexander of Tunis and Lady Alexander, recently had her coming-out ball at Government House, Ottawa. She is eighteen years old, and has a job as stenographer in one of Canada's big insurance companies. Her mother is bringing her to England for a short holiday this summer.

# Date-Book (Our Social Diary)

**JAN. 9.**

(Left.) Married at St. James's, Spanish Place: the Hon. Rupert Eric Watson, only son of Lord Manton and Alethea Lady Manton, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Hallinan, daughter of Major and Mrs. T. D. Hallinan.

**JAN. 9.**

(Right.) At the British Schools Exploring Society Dinner: Mrs. R. G. Etherington-Smith and his Excellency the Icelandic Minister, M. Stefan Thorvardsson.

WATSON — HALLINAN WEDDING.

EXPLORERS GET TOGETHER.

**JAN. 10.**

(Left.) Off the dance floor: Miss Maxine Maxwell-Gumbleton and Capt. D. Allott, at the Pineapple Ball, in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys (premises need repair), held at Grosvenor House.

**JAN. 12.**

(Right.) Wedding at the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, between M. Pierre Langlais, only son of M. and Mme. Z. Langlais, of Quebec City, and the Hon. Joanna Money-Coutts, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Latymer, of Mayfield, Sussex.

AT THE PINEAPPLE BALL.

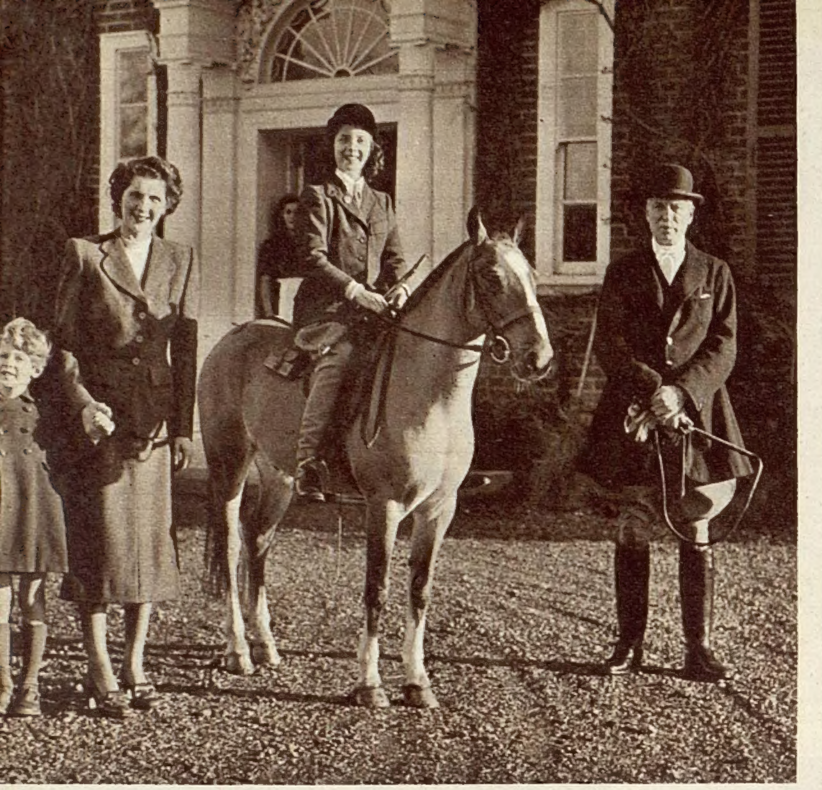
LANGLAIS — MONEY-COUTTS WEDDING.

**JAN. 12.**

The Begum Liaquat Ali Khan came here with her husband when he attended the Commonwealth Premiers' Conference. During her visit she addressed a meeting of the Overseas League, at Overseas House, St. James's. She is seen taking tea with Mrs. Menzies, wife of Australia's Prime Minister, and their daughter, Heather (left).

AT OVERSEAS HOUSE.

# Date (Our Soci



BRAVING THE THIRTEENTH.

FLYING CAR MAGNATE.

**JAN. 13.**

(Left.) In spite of the date, the Romney Marsh Foxhounds met at Peasmarsh Place, the home of Lord and Lady Devonport, who are seen here with their children, Terence and Marilyn.

**JAN. 15.**

(Right.) Sir John Black, motor-car magnate, and Lady Black on their way to the Brussels Motor Show, where there was some controversy about the siting of the British exhibits.

DOUBLE OCCASION.

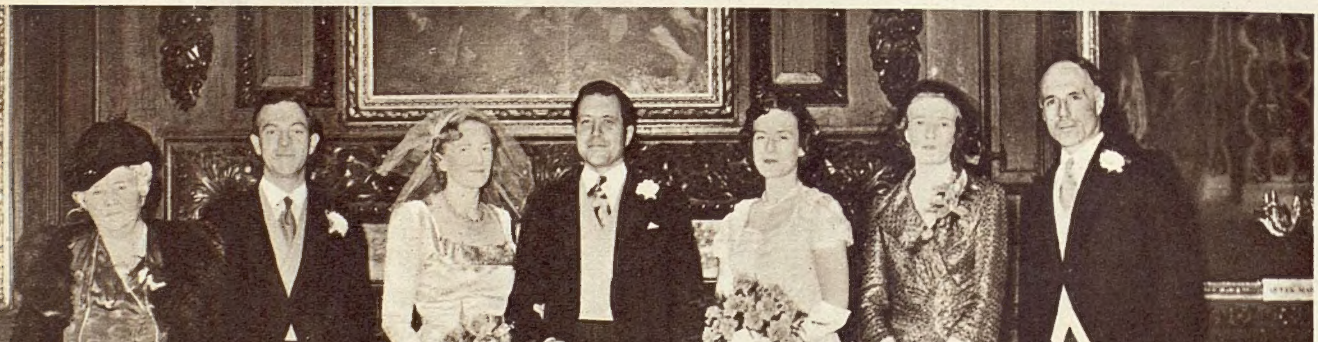
OLIVER STANLEY'S SON WEDS.

**JAN. 15.**

(Left.) The Quorn Hunt Ball was also the occasion of Miss Diana Du Cane's twenty-first birthday. She is sitting-out with the Hon. Jeremy Cubitt, younger son of Lord Ashcombe.

**JAN. 16.**

(Right.) Married quietly at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street: Mr. Michael Stanley, of Witherslack, Westmorland, son of the late Colonel the Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P., and the late Lady Maureen Stanley, to Miss Ailleen Hugh Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Hugh Smith, of 39, Charles Street, W.1.



VINTNERS' HALL RECEPTION.

**JAN. 17.**

The wedding reception after the marriage of Mr. W. H. Lloyd Mead, younger son of the late Mr. F. J. Mead and of Mrs. Mead, of Burnham-on-Crouch, and Mrs. Mary Pattinson, elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. Borthwick Greig, of Kendrew, South Africa, was held at Vintners' Hall. The bridegroom is Clerk of the Vintners' Company. (L. to r.) The groom's mother, Cdr. H. Prevett, R.N. (best man), the bride and groom, Miss Naomi Pattinson (maid of honour), Mrs. and Mr. Greig, who gave the reception.

Book

(Diary - Cont.)

JAN. 18.

(Left.) The Countess of Cottenham was present at a Children's Meet of the Crawley and Horsham Hunt, at Dragon Green, with her daughters, Lady Gillian Pepys (left) and Lady Davinia Pepys, clad for cold weather.

JAN. 18.

(Right.) Even less concerned with the cold were eighteen-year-old Viscount Lumley, son of the Earl of Scarbrough, and his sister, Lady A[illegible] Lumley, at the Grove Hunt meet at Sandbeck Park, Rotherham.

JAN. 20.

(Left.) Captain Naylor-Leyland, the Hon. Teresa Fox-Strangways and Mr. Tom [illegible]on at Sandown Park.

JAN. 21.

(Right.) Christening of the younger son of Lord and Lady Luke: Hon. Philip Richard Lawson-Johnston. (L. to r.) Hon. H. de B. Lawson-Johnston and Lt. M. Parker, R.N. (proxies for godfathers Lord Tweedsmuir and Duke of Edinburgh), Hon. Pearl, Harry and Caroline Lawson-Johnston. (Sitting) Lord Luke, Lady Luke with Philip Richard, and Hon. Andrew Lawson-Johnston.

JAN. 23.

(Left.) Waiting for the signal to start, at Glasgow. Three of the women competitors in the Monte Carlo Car Rally: (l. to r.) Miss van Damm, Mrs. Wisdom and Mrs. Fotheringham-Parker, leaning on one of several Hillman Minx entries.

JAN. 23.

(Right.) Assistant Commissioner Henry Dalton, C.B.E. (in uniform) wishing God-speed to the team entered by the Metropolitan Police Driving School for the Monte Carlo Rally. Captain R. P. Minchin, O.B.E. (centre), heads the team—first official police team ever to compete in an international event—with Sergeant J. Skeggs (left) and Sergeant E. Teer as co-drivers of their Humber Super Snipe.

WINTER MEET.

AT SANDBECK PARK.

AT SANDOWN PARK.

CHRISTENING PARTY.

WOMEN DRIVERS.

POLICEMAN'S HOLIDAY.

# Datz-Book (Abroad)

WOMEN SKIERS : BRITAIN'S NO. I TEAM.

JAN. 7.

**Klein Scheidegg, Switzerland.** Members of the British No. 1, team competing for the Duchess of Kent Cup (Downhill ski race for women), photographed before the event. It is one of the most important in the Bernese Oberland winter sports programme. (L. to r.) Sheila Daniell, Vora Mackintosh, Sheena Mackintosh, Arnold Lunn (British Ski-Racing Club President), and Hilary Laing, who won by 1·7 secs.

SIGHT-SEEING IN ROME.

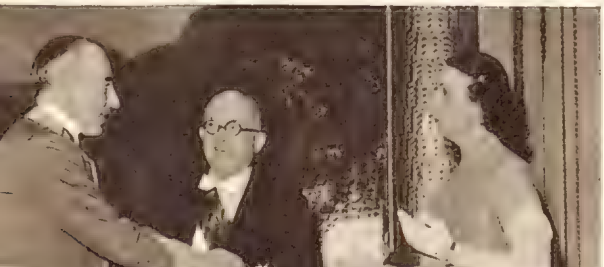
THE WINDSORS IN NEW YORK.

JAN. 11.

**Rome.** (Left.) Sir Ralph and Lady Richardson, homeward bound from Australia, break their journey in Rome for a little quizzical sight-seeing.

JAN. 15.

**New York City.** (Right.) The Duke and Duchess of Windsor attended the American National Theatre and Academy Bicentennial Dance at the Hotel Plaza. What was the joke ? Nobody has yet told us.



PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION.

WASHINGTON V.I.P. DRESS SHOW.

JAN. 19.

**Paris.** (Left.) Brigadier G. A. C. MacNab, Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris, taking his leave of the French President and Mme. Vincent Auriol after a reception at the Elysée Palace.

JAN. 20.

**Washington.** (Right.) Under the expert eye of Mme. Henri Bonnet (left), wife of the French Ambassador to the U.S., V.I.P. mannequins try on their Dior creations, which they modelled at an amateur show. (L. to r.) Mrs. Frank Pace, Mrs. Morris Cafritz and Mrs. Oscar Chapman.

Photographed by George Konig.

# SHAKESPEAREAN AMBASSADORS TO HOLLAND

THE Young Vic players, with the youngest Shylock (aged 25) and Portia (aged 18) to have appeared in London for a very long time, if ever, are now touring Holland, where they are familiar as English ambassadors of Shakespeare. When, on the first night of *The Merchant of Venice* in the Old Vic, Waterloo Road, Duncan Ross, head of the Company, hoped that the cast had not disgraced its parents, responsive cheers showed what the audience felt about these young hopefuls of English classic acting. Powys Thomas (above) was a strongly-conceived Shylock, and Jill Showell (right) ensured that the audience missed no word in Portia's verse. The Young Vic players are taught to enunciate clearly; this is one reason for their popularity in Holland, to which they have travelled five times within twenty-seven months. Their new tour began on Monday (January 29). They will be in the Netherlands until February 10, visiting Amsterdam, Leiden, The Hague, Haarlem, Groningen, Hilversum, Rotterdam, Delft, Hengelo and Utrecht. Later they restart their English tour at Worcester.

"HERE WE GO . . ."

"HERE WE ARE . . ."

"HOME AGAIN."

# PERSONAL ESCORT BY RUFUS

THE party waiting at Victoria to welcome Mr. Churchill home from his painting holiday in Marrakesh, including his daughter Sarah, were forestalled by *Rufus*, Mr. Churchill's four-year-old red French poodle. The train was late, and when Mr. Churchill appeared at the station exit the impatient *Rufus* made a wild leap for his master's arms, stayed there as they crossed to the car, and sat on his lap on the way home to Hyde Park Gate. Another welcome awaited Mr. Churchill later in the day: he received an ovation when he entered the House of Commons on the reassembly of Parliament.

Photographed by Baron.

# YOLANDE DONLAN

. . . who has scored a great personal success in Roger MacDougall's play, *To Dorothy, a Son*, at the Savoy Theatre, in which she co-stars with Richard Attenborough. She was introduced to West End theatregoers by Sir Laurence Olivier, who discovered her in New York and presented her here in the lead of *Born Yesterday*. Her other plays include *Rocket to the Moon* and *Cage Me a Peacock*, and she has made several films, including *Traveller's Joy*. Her hobbies : tennis, swimming and warm climates.

# Candid Cameo

# ARNOLD LUNN

## By Kenneth D. Foster

IN the course of a long, active and argumentative career Arnold Lunn must have got himself on to a respectable number of blacklists, not the least of them the Headmasters' Conference roll of Those Who Write Novels About the Old School. While admitting that Lunn treated his school (Harrow) with reasonable respect, some of his contemporaries were none too pleased to recognise themselves among the less amiable characters of the *dramatis personæ*.

This was only to be expected from one whose nature does not take kindly to compromise and who has always applied himself to organising as opposed to being organised—characteristics which he brought to bear with considerable effect during his time at Balliol, when he became Secretary of the Union and Editor of the *Isis*.

But though these early influences left their mark, they did not shape the subsequent pattern of Arnold Lunn's life among the snow and the mountains. This, curiously enough, was indirectly determined by the lifelong ambition of his father, the late Sir Henry Lunn, to bring about a Union of the Churches—an ambition which ultimately led to an assembly of Church dignitaries of all denominations at the Bear Hotel, Grindelwald, it being the elder Lunn's hope that the rarefied air of the Bernese Oberland would induce them to compose their differences.

It must be recorded that this result was not achieved; but the ease with which all these old gentlemen had been transported across 600 miles of Europe suggested to Henry Lunn that it might not be a bad idea to go into this transportation business from a somewhat more secular angle. And so was born the notable travel agency of Sir Henry Lunn Ltd.

An immediate consequence on the subject of this Cameo was that he spent nearly all his school holidays on the Continent. His ski-ing novitiate was staged at Chamonix in 1898 at the age of ten, and as soon as he could stay upright by his own efforts he decided that ski-ing and mountaineering were the things to which he would devote his life—a decision from which he has never veered. And lest consultants of *Who's Who* may be led, by the impressive number of books listed to his credit therein, to suppose that authorship is his first interest, let it be stated here and now that most of the satisfaction he gets from writing is derived from the fact that the proceeds enable him to return to his beloved mountains.

As for the man himself: a stranger meeting Arnold Lunn for the first time would see a tall being with a saturnine expression, wearing clothes which would be unlikely to get a favourable mention in the *Tailor and Cutter*, for more often than not Lunn manages to achieve the effect of having jumped into his clothes from a considerable height! His hats convey the impression of having been brushed with an egg-whisk, and his notorious absentmindedness too frequently results in such startling costume effects as felt bedroom slippers with a white tie.

Money interests him even less than clothes. He is one of those rare people who manage to put it in its right place by regarding it simply as a convenient alternative to barter, and he would no more think of trying to accumulate the stuff than he would of hoarding used tram tickets.

He married a sister of the Earl of Iddesleigh, and his wife being Lady Mabel Lunn this leads to much confusion among his friends on the Continent, who address him variously as Lord Lunn, Sir Lunn or the Honourable Lunn.

All this may give an impression of personal vagueness, but there is nothing whatsoever vague about Arnold Lunn's influence on the growth and shape of winter-sports. He was in at the birth of British ski-ing and, as usual, it took him no time at all to get to the top, both as performer and organiser. Looking around for fresh worlds to conquer, his eye fell upon the *Fédération Internationale du Ski*, the controlling body of the sport. In those days the only forms of ski-ing recognised by the F.I.S. were *langlauf* (racing along the flat) and ski-jumping, activities quite unsuited to the British tourist, who only skis for a few weeks. Lunn thereupon decided that the F.I.S. must be educated to recognise downhill racing and the Slalom—this latter being a race invented by himself in which the contestants negotiate a course controlled by flags to compel them to put in frequent turns. He immediately launched an almost one-man attack on the Scandinavian fortress of the F.I.S., with fantastic success. He was on the Council of the body from 1934 to 1949, and in addition to downhill racing and the Slalom, British contributions to ski-ing made through his influence include the ban on stick-riding; the adoption of a system of limitation of entries for World Championships in downhill races, jumping and *langlauf*; and the invention of the Group Draw, now in universal use. He was chairman of the International Downhill Racing Committee from 1934 to 1940, and shortly before the war the F.I.S. adopted almost without alteration his suggestions for a revision of their statutes.

To appreciate the full measure of these achievements as the representative of a country having practically no ski-ing facilities, one must imagine a Swiss persuading the Royal Yacht Squadron to alter the rules of yacht-racing to suit the Swiss entrants!

None of this could have been achieved without the dominant Lunn characteristics of decisive approach and inflexibility of purpose. The strength and weakness of these characteristics was clearly illustrated on the occasion of his resignation from the *Fédération Internationale du Ski* in 1949. In that year Russia decided that she wished to be affiliated to the F.I.S., and to this end Stalin sent in a brisk ultimatum of the type with which he keeps the Chancelleries of Eastern Europe on the hop. This document contained a number of preposterous demands, but the most preposterous of all was that the Spanish Ski Association should be expelled from the F.I.S. Lunn's was almost the only voice raised against this proposal at the Congress, and when he was overruled and Russia admitted on her own terms he immediately resigned—an action which received the official approval of the Council of the Ski Club of Great Britain and the backing of British skiers generally. None the less there are some who wonder whether a little discreet lobbying among the other delegates, such as the Americans and Swiss, might not have resulted in Russia being told where she got off. But there you have the man. Lobbying is altogether foreign to Lunn's nature: he sees the dividing-line between right and wrong so distinctly that he considers it a waste of time to point it out to anyone else.

One final touch to a many-sided character. There are few better after-dinner speakers than Arnold Lunn, and his lecture tours cover the habitable globe. He copes with a world-wide correspondence by his own peculiar method of long-shorthand—which means that he omits all the words he himself considers non-essential. This tends to make his letters read like a telegram composed by someone with ants in their pants. All the same, anyone on his mailing list is a very fortunate person.

★

## Who . . . Me?

YOUR cameo, my dear Ken, is noble reparation for caustic comments on my habits which appear from time to time under your editorship in the entertaining journal of that famous club, the Downhill Only Club of Wengen. Incidentally, the influence of the D.H.O. on the Swiss at Wengen was one of the things which helped me to convert the F.I.S. to the British view that an uphill and level race is not an ideal test of downhill ski-ing. In justice to the F.I.S. it should be stated that one demand of the Russians, for the expulsion of Spain, was not accepted. I resigned because the Russian was elected to the Council after he had defied a ruling of the Council on a point of procedure and indulged in political polemics.

Absence of mind, of which you accuse me, is, like "self-consciousness," a misleading phrase. It is not absence but the presence of a mind pre-occupied with momentous questions that is responsible for the vagaries which you mention. Again, if I were more "other conscious" I should be less of a worry to my wife and less vulnerable to the criticism of those who never, positively *never*, wear felt bedroom slippers with a white tie!

Arnold Lunn

"EXCELSIOR!"—ARNOLD LUNN

## Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
That is to say, from the radio team: Jimmy Edwards, Joy Nichols and Dick Bentley.

ACCOLADE (Aldwych).
Emlyn Williams as a famous author who leads a double life in Regent's Park and Rotherhithe.

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT (Ambassadors).
The daughters of the Marchioness and the milliner meet in the Scotland of 1885.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys, with Ronald Shiner as a very able seaman.

WHO IS SYLVIA? (Criterion).
Terence Rattigan's light comedy flicks amiably across three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

POINT OF DEPARTURE (Duke of York's).
Theatrical vigour in Anouilh's controversial play.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade taken from the French by Christopher Fry and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY (Haymarket).
Eileen Herlie has a shot at Paula.

LITTLE BOY BLUE (His Majesty's).
Emney and Hearne in skirts and out.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (New).
T. S. Eliot's homily in verse.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Barry Sinclair is the King, and Vanessa Lee his Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

DEAR MISS PHŒBE (Phœnix).
Barrie set harmlessly to music.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

THE FOL-DE-ROLS (St. Martin's).
The end-of-the-pier in the West End—and very nice, too.

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Savoy).
A bubble of comedy.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN? (Strand).
The hunting of the Hare.

RELUCTANT HEROES (Whitehall).
You're in the Army now: a bang-about farce.

HOME AND BEAUTY (Wyndham's).
Maugham's chuckling farce.

# AT THE THEATRE

### ★ First Choice ★

## "HEDDA GABLER"

*(Arts Theatre Club)*

HEDDA (whose name is not Gabler but Tesman) is nobody's idea of a household pet. George Tesman, dear fellow, was too taken up with his books and the domestic industries of Brabant in the Middle Ages to realise that in marrying General Gabler's daughter he had married a blend of tigress and lynx. Anyway, had he been told so, he would have murmured uncomprehendingly, "Fancy that!" According to Ibsen, who created Hedda, the woman is frustrated because she has no object in life. So, tied up in a suburban villa with a husband who bores her, she occupies herself by practising with her late father's pistols, in attempting to sway the destiny of the wild young scholar Lövborg, and in darting her claws at everyone within reach. The end is tragic. "People don't *do* such things," whispers Judge Brack, when he hears Hedda's shot; but, being a character in an Ibsen play, he ought to have known better.

Hedda is a grand acting part. Think what you like about Ibsen's plot—and no one can say it is the most feasible in the Drama—you will agree at least that here is a gift for an actress who can attack from her first speech and go on attacking to the last. Jean Forbes-Robertson, greeted by all after a long absence from the West End, has played Hedda often. Although her special form of attack disconcerts those who find in the part only an opportunity for the heavier dramatic cannonading, the actress seems to me to have got the right answer. Hedda's weapon is her scornful, mocking tongue. Jean Forbes-Robertson mitigates nothing of the woman's cruelty, her malicious irony. You would not have thought, watching and hearing this Ibsen sorceress, that the same player was the best Peter Pan and one of the best Violas within memory. On the first night I felt that she faltered in the burning of Lövborg's manuscript: it was the only passage in which the performance wavered. Elsewhere it had a sharply-clawing precision.

Most of Hedda's victims in this revival are acted plausibly. I am least certain of Robert Rietty's Lövborg: he appears to me to have force without conviction. But I am sure of Eric Berry's Tesman ("Fancy that!"), by no means a dreary pedant but an amiable little man who happens to have been caged with a tigress. Campbell Singer, too, has the proper frigid suavity for Judge Brack, and Sonia Williams as Thea (the girl with the "irritating hair") and Lally Bowers as the rice-pudding Aunt Julia, do their duty to both Ibsen and the audience. Still, the night belongs, very reasonably, to Miss Forbes-Robertson with the contemptuous eyes and the voice that can pounce and tear.

Eric Berry as George Tesman

Jean Forbes-Robertson as Hedda

Sonia Williams as Mrs. Elvsted

Robert Rietty as Eilert Lövborg

# . with J. C. TREWIN

Campbell Singer as Judge Brack

Lally Bowers as Juliana

## THE LITTLE THEATRES

ON at least one or two nights a week, a critic finds himself out of the West End's square mile and making towards Kew Bridge or Notting Hill Gate, Swiss Cottage or South Kensington. Here are the little theatres that may or may not offer a masterpiece that will be West End table-talk within a few months.

The "Q," oldest of them, was long ago a drill-hall: it does not expect you to admire its decorations, but there is often something worth while on its stage. The New Lindsey, in Bayswater, is a snug matchbox; the New Boltons, stuck down in the most unlikely way in the middle of Drayton Gardens, was won from a cinema; off Knightsbridge, the Torch is seated like a bus-top. Elsewhere, the Gateway, approached through a slit in Westbourne Grove and smelling of coffee, is the theatre that bred the recent revival of *Journey's End*; and the New Chepstow hides demurely in a Bayswater basement.

Far more elaborate, of course, are the two leading try-out theatres, the Lyric, at Hammersmith, where Sir Nigel Playfair did so much on the gold-framed stage, and the Embassy, in Swiss Cottage, with its midnight-blue ceiling. The Mercury, in Notting Hill, once a parish hall, is the smallest public theatre (as opposed to a club) in London.

At the moment only three of the plays running in the West End come from the outer ring; but others (*Macadam and Eve* is one of them) are bound to follow. Little theatre programmes are so varied that you can rarely say with assurance what the next type of production will be at a given place. There is one exception: the Lindsey, which specialises now in translations from the French. And Ashley Dukes has kept the Mercury's reputation for the unexpected and the stylish. Lately, a play of his has been my best outer-circle experience: it was staged not at his own Mercury, but at the Embassy: *Celestina*, a graceful invention set in late eighteenth-century Spain. We have had also *Harvest Time* ("Q"), a genially forgettable nonsense-dither about a household under a green-cheese moon. At the Gateway I saw a charmingly gentle domestic play, *Life Sentence*, by Molly Veness, with an actress, Priscilla D'Arcy, whose name should be remembered.

So, at last, to the Watergate, which hardly fits into the geographical scheme. It is very much inner-circle: if you are given to throwing stones in public thoroughfares, you can toss one from the Strand into the Buckingham Street doorway. The theatre is a pleasant cellar, with excited Chagall paintings; in it I recently saw a stiff but worthy historical piece, *The Boleyns* (in which I spied an actor, Antony Kearey). But spare us from more fun with Henry the Eighth.

## Next Stage

I MET Shakespeare's collaborator in a London theatre one afternoon last week. He is Sam Spewack, who, with his wife Bella, has written the libretto of *Kiss Me, Kate*, the now celebrated American "musical" that will open at the Coliseum on March 8. The play is based on *The Taming of the Shrew*, with music by Cole Porter. Patricia Morison, who was Kate during the first seventeen months of the New York run, will take the part in the London production presented by Jack Hylton, and Bill Johnson is Petruchio. Hanya Holm, the choreographer—now a distinguished figure in the American theatre—is making her first visit to London.

### GIELGUD'S RETURN

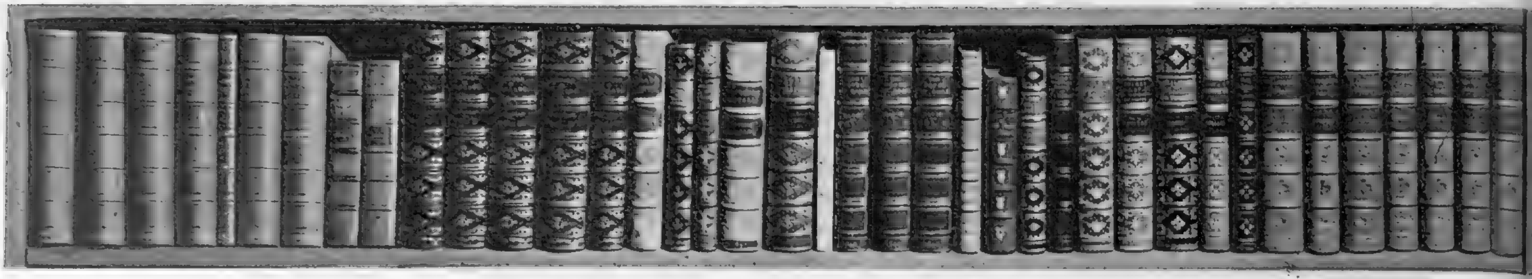
John Gielgud is coming back to London in Shakespeare. The play is *The Winter's Tale*, in which he has never appeared but in which London will see him towards the end of June, in mid-Festival, with Diana Wynyard as his Hermione, a part she has acted at Stratford. Peter Brook, who spent his Christmas in New York—where Gielgud is acting in *The Lady's Not For Burning*—will be the producer. Before then, Brook has another task for Tennents (who present the Gielgud revival): he will direct at the Haymarket on March 1 a comedy of Dorset in 1804, called *A Penny for a Song*, by a young actor, John Whiting. Marie Löhr, Basil Radford, Ronald Squire, Alan Webb and Denys Blakelock are in the cast. Emmett (of the trains) designs the scenery.

### PRIESTLEY AND OTHERS

A long Tennent list for the rest of the year includes a new piece by J. B. Priestley. He ought to change its name: at present he calls it *The Golden Door*, the title of an American play that had a long innings up at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage. There are also to be two plays by Jean Anouilh—the name is getting to be familiar—one of them *La Répétition* (now being done by Jean Louis-Barrault's company in Paris), and another, *Colombe*, which is entirely new. André Roussin, author of *The Little Hut*, supplies two plays, *Bobosse* and *Nina*. As a change we are to have *Hobson's Choice*, with Wilfred Pickles, and Tchehov's exquisite *The Three Sisters*, with Diana Wynyard and Margaret Leighton.

### THE MAD WOMAN

At last *The Mad Woman of Chaillot* reaches London. Bernard Delfont will present the Jean Giraudoux play at the St. James's on February 15, with Martita Hunt—after nearly 600 performances in New York—in the title-rôle, and the original sets by Christian Bérard (they include the catacombs, and the exterior of a Paris café). The production is directed by Robert Speaight, and Angela Baddeley, Veronica Turleigh, Bill Shine and Felix Felton are in the cast.



# OUR BOOKSHELF

## by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

INSURRECTION. By Liam O'Flaherty. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)

THE DELUGE. By Ian Niall. (*Heinemann ; 9s. 6d.*)

THE HIDDEN FAIRING. By N. Brysson Morrison. (*The Hogarth Press; 9s. 6d.*)

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO. By Giovanni Guareschi. (*Victor Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

FOUR good novels this week—which I take as a good augury for 1951, since only one of them was published before the turn of the year. *Insurrection* is the first novel which Mr. Liam O'Flaherty has published for four years. It does not break new ground or offer any startling surprises, but it has the ivory-smooth finish of all this author's work, the trim, clean outline, the perfect timing which combine to give it a classic symmetry. It never loses itself in fussy mazes of good writing, but proceeds from A to Z without hesitation or divergence. And it is so exciting that I must be allowed the good old word "breathless" to describe it.

The theme is the Easter Rising of 1916, seen in all its idealism and ineffectuality, its sordidness and high purpose, through the eyes of one man who is drawn into conflict and to his death, though he had no part in the planning of the Rising. Mr. O'Flaherty can show the shame and meanness as surely as he shows the heroism and poetry, and all of them are here in plenty. Bartley Madden, his protagonist, is from Connemara, and finds himself at a loose end in Dublin on that Easter Monday, because he has been robbed of his savings and can neither go home nor back to England, where he had accumulated £150 by working in a war factory. It is the poet and fighter in him rather than the patriot which make him join in the general violence, but before the end of the story everything worth while in him has been touched, and he becomes, in a sense, a man of destiny. The whole book is written on a plane of somewhat exalted rhetoric, but even this comes off. A strong recommendation.

Drawn by Blampied.

"TWEET!"

MR. IAN NIALL begins to stand in danger of becoming a novelist's novelist, a critic's favourite, whose stories are carefully planned and executed, and have the perfect proportions and geometrical pattern which make them almost tiresomely impeccable. In *The Deluge*, for instance, we are presented with a village living under the threat of obliteration by flooding, for the reservoir may break its banks in any winter when waters generally are high. We are introduced to the inhabitants of this village, each brilliantly presented, each artfully characterised, each having a story of his own which, we know, will meet its climax in the deluge when this comes. We see, we know this village—we get a sense not only of its individuals but of its corporate life ; we feel the spirit of it and are almost as dismayed as its inhabitants when the dam breaks. There is real power here and, as in all Mr. Niall's work, an honest realism. But I would like to see him kick over the traces and write a less deliberate book.

### BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE MORTAL AND THE MARBLE.
By Geoffrey Dutton. (*Chapman and Hall ; 9s. 6d.*)

A long, rather aimless novel about marital troubles and European refugees in Australia.

THE OTHER FATHER.
By Laura Z. Hobson. (*Cassell ; 9s. 6d.*)

Middle-aged man pulled up in his love-affair with a young girl by the knowledge that his daughter is in love with a man of his own age. Ingenious quadrangle sincerely but rather wearisomely worked out.

THE SLEEPING HOUSE PARTY.
By Elizabeth Lambert. (*Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.*)

Crime at a holiday resort near Sydney. The writer seems bent on displaying her own sophistication at the expense of entertainment. I found it irritating.

THAT GREAT HUNTER.
By Daphne Slee. (*Peter Davies ; 9s. 6d.*)

Polish pilot in command of British bomber squadron as observed by his Station Commander. Much too long.

MARY O'GRADY.
By Mary Lavin. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)

A good, big, satisfying Irish novel by an author who has written some of the best modern short stories of Ireland.

THE BLACK JOKE.
By J. M. Scott. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)

All good sea stories are "stirring" just as all good analytical books are "brilliant" and all good love-stories "moving." But this really is stirring in the most literal sense : the story of a young doctor in the last century who sails as ship's surgeon on a Portuguese slave trader.

A NEW Scottish novel by N. Brysson Morrison is a happy event for me and for novel-readers who like to see writers go about their business as though trends and fashions and movements in literature were of no consequence. This is a strong but graceful tale, the life-story of a Highlander called Barty whom we first meet in the village of Barnfingal with his mother and a grandmother who tells him stories in a dialect which will puzzle most readers to-day, but which, one senses, is authentic and picturesque. Lady Wain from "the Big House" becomes Barty's patron, but when he has had an unsuccessful love-affair with her daughter he wishes to be independent of the family and becomes a schoolmaster, glad of the obscurity and simplicity which have taken the place of his once restless ambitions. Again he falls in love, this time tragically, because the girl is falsely made to believe that she is his daughter. The book sees him, in both prologue and epilogue, as Father Bernard, a friendly old pedagogue who has renounced the world and loves his young pupils. Thus the tale is as direct and unembellished as *The Vicar of Wakefield*—indeed, reminds one of its lucid artlessness. It is also deeply enjoyable.

ENJOYABLE is, again, the first term I would use for *The Little World of Don Camillo*. This has a sugar-plum quality which makes it good reading in odd moments, but somewhat cloying if it is gulped too much at a time. All the better, then, that it should not in reality be a novel at all, but a series of gay little papers which have, one gathers, been contributed one by one to an Italian periodical. In each of these Don Camillo, the incredibly naïf village priest, carries a step further his eternal warfare with Peppone, his unbelievably amiable Communist opponent. To and fro it goes, from the well-planted kick which "landed like a thunderbolt" on Peppone just after he had confessed to a previous assault on Don Camillo, through many struggles and intrigues to the final scene of peace and goodwill in which the ferocious Peppone helps Don Camillo to paint the figures for a Christmas crib. "For a time the two men sat in the dim light looking at the little group of figures on the table and listening to the silence that had settled over the Little World of Don Camillo, and that silence no longer seemed ominous, but instead, full of peace." It is all a little too idyllic, but Signor Guareschi manages, by a cheerful touch of drollery, to avoid the really sickly extremes of sentiment. I think a great many people will be made happier by reading this book, and so long as they do not take Peppone for a typical Communist, I see no harm in that. I recommend it, though not to be read without alka-seltzer.

SCREE[...] Louis Jouvet, as the gay and glorio[...] [...]undrel Mosca in the French versio[...] *Volpone* : a sketch for some future [...]ing Iago that one would [...]ve much to see.

C A Lejeune

RADIO.—Terry Thomas : For the double surprise we get to hear a comedian who can sing well and who is amusing when he sings.

Frederick Laws

## CHOICE OF THE MONTH

*Selected by our Panel of Experts*

LITERATURE.—Belatedly to Liam O'Flaherty for his first novel in four years and one as good as his best—*Insurrection*.

STAGE.—Jean Forbes-Robertson : For getting to the very heart of one of Ibsen's most uncomfortable women, Hedda Tesman, in the revival of *Hedda Gabler* at the Arts Theatre Club.

J. C. Trewin

*Study of Boats and Figures*, by Luca Carlevaris, is one of the pictures of eighteenth-century Venice in the Jubilee Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Open until March 14.

Ballerina *Lydia Lopokova*, Lady Keynes, at her dressing-table. A drawing in the memorial exhibition of work by Randolph Schwabe on show at the Arts Council.

Alexander Calder's many-limbed Mobiles wave and tremble as you walk round the Lefevre Gallery, Bruton Street, W.1. This one is less complicated than many made by this American designer.

# PICTURE GALLERY

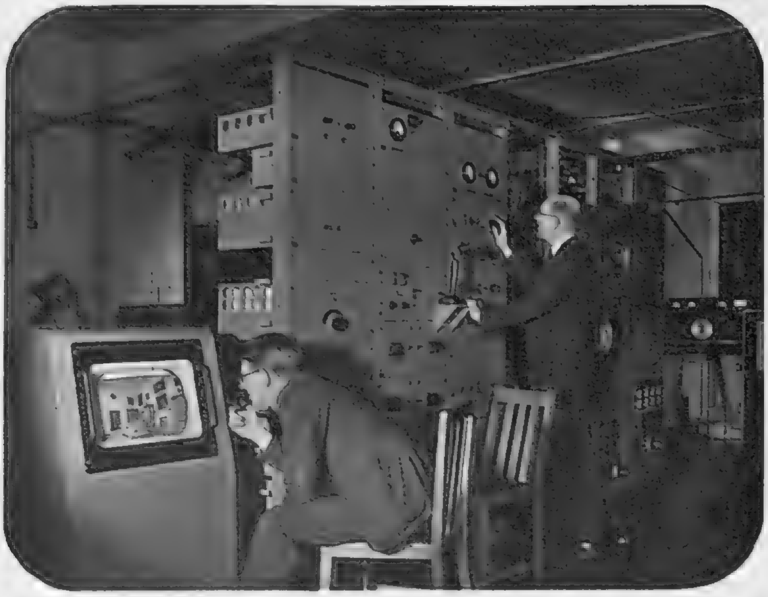
## Exhibits on View in London, Currently and Recently

***Chosen by Wilma Moy Thomas***

...y *Lion Springing on an Antelope* is by Henri Rousseau, Customs House official ... "Sunday painter." In the "l'Ecole de Paris" Exhibition at the Royal Academy until March 7.

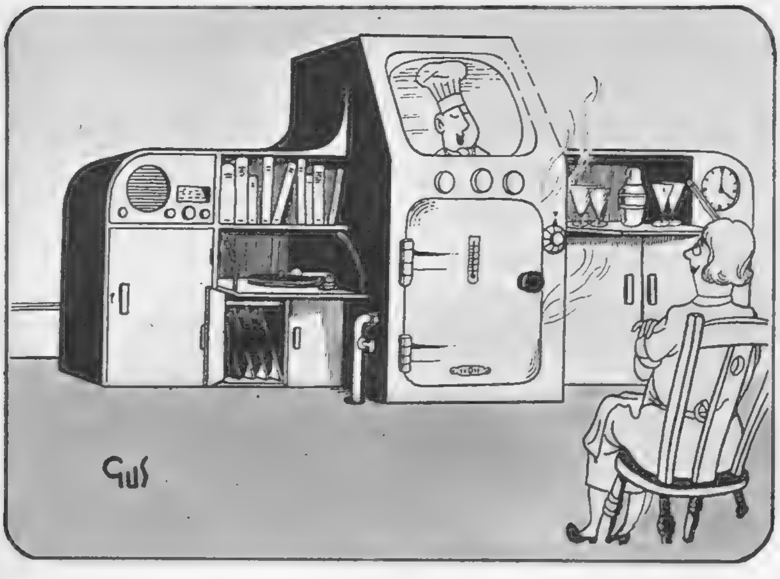
*Sir John Luttrell wading in a Stormy Sea*, an allegorical portrait by Hans Eworth, is in the Royal Academy Exhibition of works by Holbein and other Old Masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, open until March 7.

Weird abstract paintings by the Chilean artist Matta, of which this is a typical example, are on show at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, Dover Street, W.1. until February 14.



"Far from the madding crowd." At the Research Station, in the heart of Surrey, the B.B.C.'s back-room boys work unceasingly to improve television.

A scene from *The Daughters of the Late Colonel*, in which Barbara Couper (left) and Angela Baddeley gave superb performances as two ghost-ridden sisters. In the centre is Terence Soall as their nephew.




". . . and allow 20 minutes to the pound in a moderately slow oven."

# TELEVISION

## by CYRIL BUTCHER

## LOOKING AROUND

WELL, the much-heralded publication of the Beveridge Report has come and gone. As far as we can see, no one is much wiser, sadder or even gladder in consequence. Certainly, television does not seem to be scheduled for any major revolution.

That is an impression which was very much confirmed when we looked in on the B.B.C.'s Research Department at Kingswood Warren and met the leaders of the Corporation's back-room boys—those bewildering gentlemen to whom higher mathematics, physics and electronics are mere kiddy-talk. The captain of this team is W. P. Wilson, tall of build, charming of manner, who trails a string of letters after his name—apart from the C.B.E.—which shows that he is no mere figure-head. Our spies tell us that he is a brilliant linguist and musician, as well. His assistant is E. C. Drewe, who pretends that his chief fascination for television is the possibility, for ever present, that you never know when the pants of the performers might fall down! Then there is A. B. Howe, the Research Consultant—whatever that might mean—who finds scientific problems much easier to solve than that of reducing his waistline. Our mentor, during a fascinating day of inspection, was G. G. Gouriet, who is the head of the television side of the activities at Kingswood Warren, which, of course, covers the whole range of broadcasting. The day was made even more enjoyable by the fact that these four had in common not only a passionate interest in their work but also a healthy sense of humour about it.

### IMPROVING QUALITY AND RANGE.

From them came, as we have said, the confirmation that the public need not expect anything shatteringly new in television. Rather, the chief preoccupation of the Research Department is to make the present system as effective as possible, both in quality and range of coverage. It sends out teams of technicians to all the parts of the British Isles which are not yet within the television belt. They carry out endless experiments to decide exactly the best place to site a new transmitter. That cannot be done merely by sitting in an office and having a look at a relief map. As for picture quality, the department has evolved a system known as "line broadening" or "spot wobble." The latter term is self-explanatory, for it means that the scanning spot of the receiver, instead of travelling along a straight, horizontal line, wavers up and down slightly and thereby removes those black lines which are to be seen across the face of most television screens, without losing much in the way of definition. It is also very occupied with those maddening white spots which emanate from passing motor-cars. To find the answer, they have built in the station's workshops a synthetic motor-car engine, complete with ignition system. Another home product is a complicated instrument, capable of testing any type of cathode-ray tube in minutest detail.

### NO TECHNICAL REVOLUTIONS.

But as for increasing the present 405 line-definition to conform to America's 525 or the Continent's 625, introducing colour or spectroscopy—all that is out for the time being. As we have indicated more than once, the present system is to continue for at least another eight years. Sure enough, experiments in these refinements are constantly going on at Kingswood Warren, but their introduction has yet to be proved worthwhile. To increase the line-definition would mean the scrapping or modification of practically every item of present television equipment—including your receivers—and it would cost millions. As for colour, in spite of what has been said to the contrary, it is still in the experimental stage, even in the U.S.A. The B.B.C., we were told, have invited the leading manufacturers in this country to submit a really working system of colour television on which to experiment. The invitation has yet to be taken up. One day, of course, all these things will come to pass—but not yet. Meanwhile, some of the country's best brains are patiently working on. We wish success to their unsparing efforts.

"We seek him here, we seek him there——" James Carney as Sir Percy Blakeney and Margaretta Scott as Lady Blakeney in the successful revival of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

Danger Ahead! A scene from the forthcoming serial, E. Nesbitt's *The Railway Children*, being pre-filmed. This serial will follow *Little Women* in the Children's Programme.

## LOOKING BACK

IN the period under review, the acting honours without doubt go to the female of the species. Will someone please tell us why Joyce Heron is not one of the country's top-ranking stars? For there is no question that she is an artist, not only of considerable beauty, but of great ability. Viewers have seen her in several plays during the past year, and in each case she has been superb. Her performance in *And No Birds Sing*, by Jenny Laird and John Fernald, was no exception. The character of the type of woman who sacrifices her natural femininity to her career—in this case that of a doctor—may not provide anything new in the way of plots, but it provides the actress with a rôle which moves through a wide range of emotion, from humour to hysteria. Miss Heron gave us the lot. Campbell Logan's production was adroit, but in one or two cases he might have used his cameras in close-up to point the plot more clearly.

But this issue's Oscar goes to a pair of performances by Angela Baddeley and Barbara Couper, who pulled off a dramatic "sister-act" which deserves no less than a rave notice. The occasion was Matthew Forsyth's production of an adaptation of one of Katherine Mansfield's short stories, *The Daughters of the Late Colonel*, by Louis Beachner and Ben Morse. Briefly, it is the tale of two middle-aged spinsters who, having devoted their lives to the care of their tyrannical father, the Colonel, find that even after his death they cannot escape his iron will. To these two master-piece performances Joan Young added a naughty but delicious one as a scheming nurse who tries to glean a few pickings from the old man's will, in collusion with nephew Cyril. The latter performance, by Terence Soall, we regret to say, was not very good.

Wilfred Pickles has begun a new series, which does not look as if it is going to be our cup of tea at all. Frankly, we see quite enough of the Plain Folk in everyday life and find them extremely dull when served up as an item of entertainment. Certainly, the first of the series, "Canning Town," left us yawning and somewhat irritated with Mr. Pickles' legendary I'm-such-a-good-fellow act.

We were also left cold by the first of the "We Beg to Differ" programmes, finding it uninspired, not very visual, and infested by our pet hate: the studio audience. A colleague has described it as "a Brains Trust without the brains." We agree.

Christian Simpson almost brought off a winner when he presented Puishnoff in the A Minor Grieg piano concerto. It was not his fault that Puishnoff's performance lacked sparkle, but we do blame him for the preliminary talk on the work. It is one that even the modern errand-boy knows backwards. And anyway, why must viewers always be treated as musical morons?

To end: a quick appreciation of Pat McGrath's lecture on boxing, "The Art of Self-Defence," which was among the good things in the Children's Programmes.

## LOOKING AHEAD

WHILE making no effort to compete with the *Radio Times*, here is some advance information we have been able to gather of the more important broadcasts, which may help you to plan your viewing well ahead.

**Feb. 4.**—If you enjoyed the serial of *Little Women*, you will probably like to make a note of this date, when *The Railway Children* start on their adventures.

**Feb. 11 and 15.**—Galsworthy's *The Skin Game*. A two-studio production by Royston Morley, with Arthur Wontner, Helen Shingler, Barbara Couper and Arthur Young in the leads. Diane Watts—the young maky-learn Probation Officer of "The Course of Justice"—plays the part created by Meggie Albanesi.

**Feb. 13.**—"Rush Job," by Denis Constanduros; production by Douglas Allen. A drama-documentary, dealing with life in an explosives factory during the war, with Julien Mitchell, John Justin, Rachel Gurney and Robert Brown in the leads.

**Feb. 15.**—"South Bank," an O.B. dealing with the progress made, to date, at the Festival of Britain site. Also some descriptive sequences of life on and around the Thames.

**Feb. 20.**—"The Course of Justice"—fourth programme in the series—dealing with a typical day in a Magistrate's Court.

BARBARA COUPER

ANGELA BADDELEY

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Barbara Couper and Angela Baddeley: For two sincere, sensitive and delicately humorous performances in *The Daughters of the Late Colonel*, in which they made the psychological interplay of two frustrated spinster sisters as exciting as a thriller.

Cyril Butcher

# AT THE RACING STABLES OF M. BOUSSAC

LAST year on the flat, French wins on British racecourses were spectacular, and among French owners M. Marcel Boussac was easily the most successful. Here are pictures of his racing stables—among the world's richest—at Chantilly, 26 miles north of Paris. Top: A string of two-year-olds returning from exercise at Les Aigles. Centre, left: the Villa Djebel, home of M. Boussac's private vet., Professor Coquot. Centre, right: the farrier, Vincent Darollepot, shoeing *Cardinal* after a canter. Below: a view of the Villa Pharis, M. Boussac's Chantilly house, with some of his horses out at walking exercise.

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by H. H. Harris.

"Excuse me — how *do* you pronounce these things we 're wearing: Russian suffix or feminine pronoun?"

"LA VIE COMMENCE DEMAIN."—A courageous though not very good film. Jean-Pierre Aumont (left) has the part of the provincial young man, and André Labarthe (right) is the journalist-scientist.

## FILMS IN BRIEF

"SO YOUNG, SO BAD."—A grim peep at the abuses of America's penal system, modelled closely on the lines of *Caged*. Psychiatrist Paul Henreid is shocked by what he finds at the Elmwood Corrective School for Girls; so is the audience. Best thing in the film: a promising newcomer called Anne Francis, as the most difficult of the juvenile delinquents.

"MADCHEN HINTER GITTERN."—A German companion picture about delinquent girls, set in a more humane and far more homely remand home, with imaginative camera-work and a touching performance from a young actress called Petra Peters as a girl who gets there by mistake.

"BORN TO BE BAD."—Joan Fontaine as a mean-hearted man-snatcher, who looks as if candy wouldn't melt in her mouth. Her assets at the end of the film: furs and jewels; her losses: Zachary Scott and Robert Ryan. Our loss: approx. 70 minutes.

"WALK SOFTLY, STRANGER."—Joseph Cotten, as a thief and card-sharper, who goes into hiding in a small Iowa town, and is reformed by an heiress who has crippled herself at St. Moritz. A pity the lovely Valli allowed herself to be wasted in a wheel-chair. How green was my Valli!

"WHERE DANGER LIVES."—Robert Mitchum, as a hospital doctor who falls for a mysterious beauty whom he saves from suicide, sustains a blow on the head early in the story, and spends the rest of his time—like the film—gradually succumbing to paralysis.

"IGNACE."—An old Army comedy with the ingratiating Fernandel, in which the galumphing fun and the thrummable little tunes put one in mind of an early Formby picture.

"VOLPONE."—A sumptuous piece of work, stylishly acted and rather decadent, with Louis Jouvet (left) as the scallywag Mosca, and Harry Baur (right) as Volpone.

# ★ ★ ★ AT THE

## REVIEWS *by C. A. LEJEUNE*

### "LA VIE COMMENCE DEMAIN"

THE distributors of this French forecast of the future of mankin proclaim it to be "the most significant film for fifty years." I don quite know what they mean by that, but, in any case, it seems a lar claim. It implies a superlative of some kind, and recognises *La Vi Commence Demain* as the most something-or-other film ever made which it certainly isn't.

It isn't even a very good film, for much of what it has to say seem distinctly banal, and the pieces don't really come together into a stron design. But it has virtues, and considerable ones. It is courageou It deals with argument and ideas, instead of with some vapid plot. An it is optimistic. It looks into the future with hope, and contends that brave new world lies before us if mankind will only unite in applyin the discoveries of science and controlling them.

The scheme of the film is simply this: A provincial young man (Jean-Pierre Aumont) is standing by the roadside, trying to thumb a ride to Paris, where he plans to spend a short holiday seeing the sights. After all the big, sleek, capitalist cars have roared contemptuously past him, a stranger in a helicopter swoops down and offers him a lift. The stranger is no symbolic figure, as you may think at first, but an eminent French journalist, Monsieur Labarthe. M. Labarthe turns out to move in advanced intellectual circles—so different from film critics like us—and to be a great battler for the brave new world. When he learns that M. Aumont is intending to look at the Conciergerie, and the Waxworks and the Mint, he suggests an alternative programme, which will introduce him to the blue-prints of the future, instead of the monuments of the past. He arranges for a round of visits to such leading thinkers as Jean Paul Sartre, Picasso, André Gide, Le Corbusier, Daniel Lagache the psycho-analyst, and Jean Rostand the biologist. Each of these eminent men, in a brief interview, speaks his little piece, and M. Aumont goes back to the provinces completely sold on the idea of the sort of world they plan individually and collectively for to-morrow.

*La Vie Commence Demain*, by the way, is the first picture to carry the British Board of Censors X Certificate, which means that it cannot be seen by anyone under sixteen, even in the company of a grown-up. This is due, presumably, to the passages in the biological section which show how life can be artificially created and prolonged, and even the sexes changed; and it does not seem to me an unreasonable precaution.

★

### "VOLPONE"

THE French *Volpone*, with the late Harry Baur in the title-rôle, is a sumptuous piece of work that provides a constant occupation for the eye. It is extravagantly handsome, piled almost to suffocation point with furs and velvets, gleaming with satin and studded with jewels. It is elegant, smooth, polished and skilfully contrived; stylishly acted and rather decadent.

The script-writers, Jules Romains and Stefan Zweig, have turned Ben Jonson's bawdy and savage satire into French bedroom comedy and it is remarkable how snugly the nightcap fits. Volpone, you may remember, is a crafty merchant of Venice, who is humiliated and thrown into prison when it seems that his ship has sunk, and determines, when his fortunes turn, to have his revenge. With the help of his creature, Mosca, he pretends to be sick in bed and dying with his will uncompleted in order to lure his hopeful and avaricious friends into various costly indignities. One man is prepared to sacrifice his wife, another to disinherit his son, a third to share his business with the dying man.

In plot, the film keeps roughly to the Ben Jonson original, although the ending has been drastically changed. What is new is the tone and treatment of the story, which seems more calculated for the titillation of the senses than were Jonson's lusty bursts of "rage and spleen."

Harry Baur's playing of the main character goes a long way to confirm this impression. Painted, wigged and bonneted like a pantomime dame with inquisitive, ringed fingers, mincing gait and up-plucked eyebrows he gives the bedchamber scenes a sly salaciousness altogether distinc from our honest Elizabethan bawdy. It is clever work that not everyone will relish. There's no doubt that this Volpone is distinctly "blue." On the other hand, Louis Jouvet, as the scallywag Mosca, is a sheer delight. It is well worth the price of a ticket to watch this brilliant actor in one of his rare escapes into gaiety. Swaggering through Venice with his cane, black gloves, absurd hat, and doublet and hose: kissing the serving-maids, intriguing with his master and his master's enemies at one and the same time, he gives us some idea of what a rich Iago he might some day play.

There are other good things in the film, notably the artless imbecility of Jacqueline Delubac's complacent wife, a pleasant little Venetian serenade sung by an unseen troubadour, and a beautiful picture of a flock of singing and dancing boys, released from the dying man's bedchamber, running and sliding in a great gay rush down the marble stairs. But the best of *Volpone* is all Jouvet's.

# CINEMA ★ ★ ★

## PREVIEW

THE story of *Laughter in Paradise* is woven round the impish will of the recently-deceased Henry Augustus Russell, known during his lifetime as "The Joker." He leaves £50,000 each to his sister, Agnes, and to three cousins, Deniston, Herbert and Simon, provided they comply with certain conditions laid down in each individual legacy. The middle-aged, snobbish Agnes is to become a domestic servant for a month ; Deniston, respectable retired Army officer, is to serve a 28-day prison sentence for a genuine breach of the law ; Herbert, a timid bank clerk, is to hold up his bank manager ; and Simon, ne'er-do-well playboy, is to marry the first eligible girl who speaks to him after the reading of the will. Failure to observe these conditions entails loss of the legacy in each case, and the adventures of the four beneficiaries in their efforts to fulfil them provide the comedy plot of the film. The leading parts are taken by Fay Compton, Alastair Sim, Guy Middleton and George Cole, and the direction is by Mario Zampi. The film is due in London some time in March.

*Right*: In his endeavours to qualify for the legacy, Deniston Russell (Alastair Sim) finally succeeds in getting himself arrested after throwing a brick through the window of a jewellery store.

*Below*. The four beneficiaries, Simon (Guy Middleton), Deniston (Alastair Sim), Agnes (Fay Compton) and Herbert (George Cole) ; with, centre, the trustee of the will (Ernest Thesiger).

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

AVERY GIBSON, winner of two National Championships at the age of seventeen.

CROSS-COUNTRY runner Avery Gibson, 17-year-old member of North Shields Polytechnic, holds both Senior and Junior National Cross-Country Championships. Her awards include the Phyllis Wright Trophy for the best championship performance of the year.

IAN APPLEYARD, first winner of the Sir Malcolm Campbell Memorial Trophy, and MRS. APPLEYARD, who helped him to win it.

PRESENTED by Mr. Donald Campbell to the R.A.C. last year as a memorial to his father, to be awarded annually to a British driver making the most outstanding performance of the year in a British car, the Sir Malcolm Campbell Memorial Trophy has been won by Ian Appleyard. Driving a Jaguar XK120, with his wife as navigator, Appleyard put up the most noteworthy performance of the gruelling six-day International Alpine Car Trial, finishing the course without losing a mark.

HEINRICH HOECKENDORF, who provides customers in his Berlin hairdressing saloon with a museum of fascinating exhibits.

CUSTOMERS of sixty-two-year-old Heinrich Hoeckendorf, whose business is in Charlottenburg in the British Sector of Berlin, need never be bored while waiting for a haircut or shave. The saloon is filled with valuable antiques and curios, the fruit of a lifetime's collecting, with special reference to the history of barbering. The elephant in the foreground was used as a barber chair for children 100 years ago.

JOHN GWILLIAM, on behalf of the great Welsh Rugby side which he led to a resounding victory over England.

GENERALLY considered to have the makings of one of the greatest Rugby sides which Wales has ever assembled, the team which met England at Swansea on January 20 showed the form of champions from the kick-off, and roundly defeated the English side by four goals and one try (23 points) to one goal (5 points).

# . . . AND WE APPLAUD

FRANK MUIR (right) and DENIS NORDEN

For the sparkle and bite of their scripts for Radio's *Take It From Here* programme.

Goal of the week for a million fans, the B.B.C.'s "Take It From Here" programme is founded upon the stylish ferment of the Muir and Norden scripts, written with topicality, inspiration and unbridled gaiety. Put over, of course, with flashing speed by Joy Nichols, Dick Bentley, Jimmy Edwards. In the picture, producer Charles Maxwell doesn't seem to have a chance between the two six-footers.

Dali's house in Port Lligat, Spain. Built on rock, it commands a fine view over the sea and the distant mountains.

# SALVADOR DALI

## A Famous Surrealist at Home in the Pyrenees

WHETHER you worship at the shrine of Surrealism or condemn it as modern decadence, it is useless to deny that Salvador Dali, its chief exponent, is a superb draughtsman and a fine painter. Art critics are united on that score, even if they differ widely in their ideas of what this modern master is aiming at. He himself will explain his work in terms which, one suspects, are deliberately calculated to leave one no wiser. Even the lately-completed "Madonna of Port Lligat," which has been creating a sensation in New York, leaves one wondering if one's leg is not being pulled. Port Lligat, at the foot of the Spanish Pyrenees—where these pictures were taken at his home—is his summertime base. Here he works for three months, spending the rest of the year in New York "catching ideas." Dali is no art-for-art's-sake painter. He expects to be paid for his work—and is. And he realises that all commercial concerns need publicity. He gets it by such stunts as "soft watches"—his historic window display for a New York store which nearly caused a riot; and a whimsicality, which has been attributed to him, of riding around in a taxi, on a fine day, with rain falling inside the cab. Meanwhile, Dali's genius and ability cannot be dismissed.

After working all day, Dali is sociable in the evening. Standing on the left is Catalanian writer J. V. Foix. Sitting on the ground, one of the master's young disciples prepares to show his work.

Dali himself. This picture must give food for thought to those who try to judge character by facial appearances.

Not far away is the beautiful village of Cadaquès. The locals do not profess to understand art, but are proud of the famous "pintor" who lives among them.

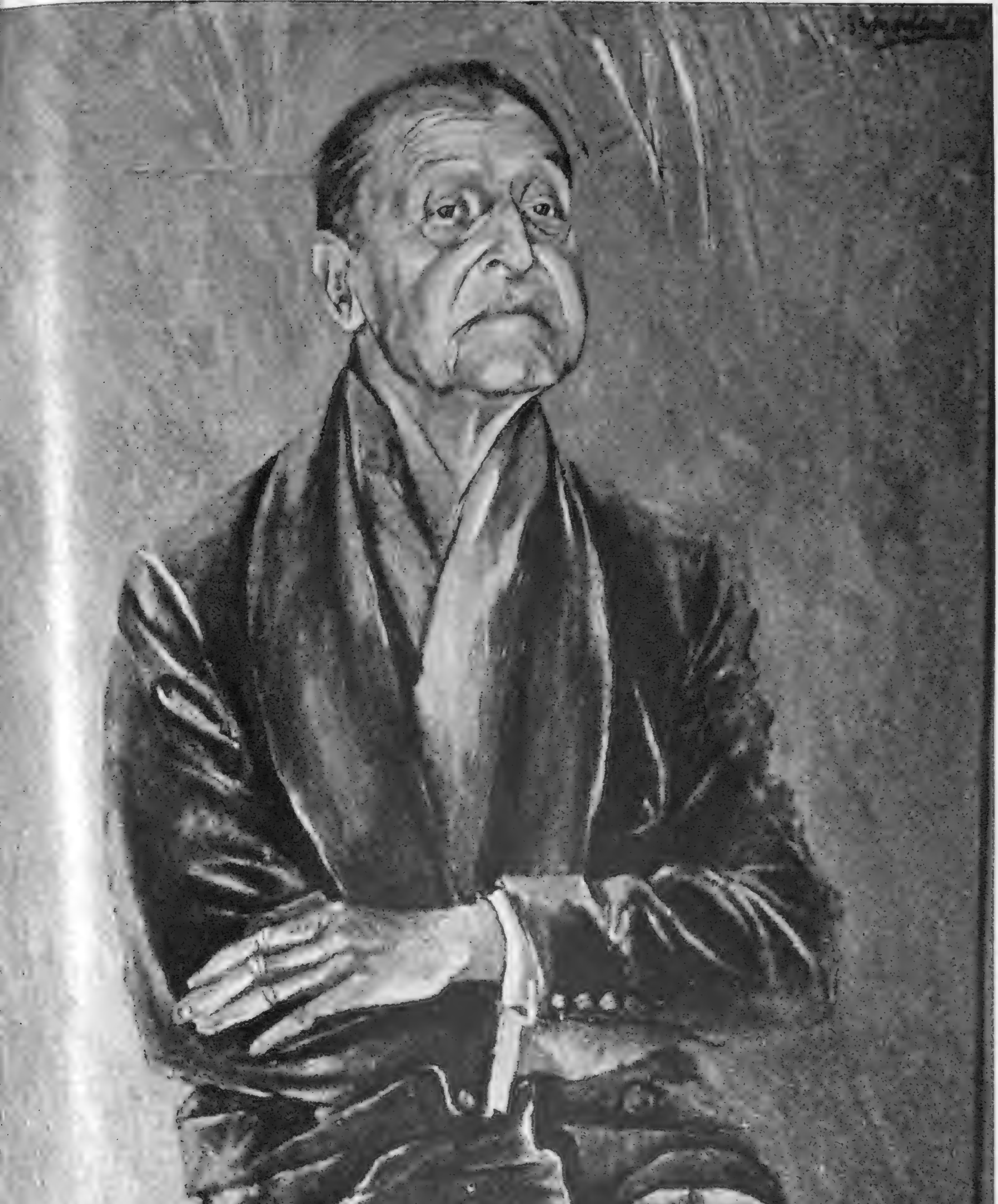
Photographed by Angus MacBean.

# BERGNER IS BACK

AFTER an absence from the West End of nearly thirteen years, Elizabeth Bergner was given a warm welcome at the Garrick Theatre on her return in *The Gay Invalid*, a free adaptation of Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire* by Sir Barry Jackson and Robert Brenon. In it, starring opposite A. E. Matthews, she plays the part of Toinette, a rôle she has acted twice before : in a school production in Vienna at the age of nine, and at the Drama Academy of Zurich when she was eighteen. Now, having passed the half-century, she is still very much the Bergner : vivacious, looks ridiculously young, rolls her eyes, and speaks with that same individual accent.

Drawn by Michael ffolkes.

"THE PLACE IS ABSOLUTELY STIFF WITH SECRET STAIRCASES."



*A detail of the painting by Graham Sutherland. Photographed by Tom L. Blau.*

# THE DEAN OF STORY-TELLERS

HAVING officially retired for several years, Somerset (Willie) Maugham continues to be the highest-paid writer in the history of letters. He is also one of the most active. He keeps a strict eye on the filming of his short stories, and recently, for the first time, recorded personal readings of a selection of them for the B.B.C. The first programme was heard on January 23; two others are to follow on February 6 and 20. Despite his renowned stammer, he broadcasts brilliantly, comparing favourably with professional readers on programmes such as "A Book at Bedtime." Graham Sutherland's portrait, which is unsparingly revealing, is one of Maugham's favourite works of art.

# WHAT GOES ON

*Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events*

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

## CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

Major T. F. **Trollope-Bellew**, son of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. F. D. Trollope-Bellew, of Casewick, Stamford, Lincs, and Josephine Mary, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. Campbell **Holms**, of Grantham, Lincs.

Richard George, son of the Rev. A. F. **Pentney**, M.C., of Calcutta, and the late Mrs. Pentney, and Diana Mary, daughter of Sir Martin and Lady **Roseveare**, of The Valley House, Bromley, Kent.

Duncan James Hurdis, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. **Bowden-Smith**, of 21, Kensington Park Gardens, W.11, and Isabella Mary, daughter of Sir Raymond and Lady **Hadow**, of Coates House, Largo, Fife.

Lieut. (E) Morthryn James **Howard-Smith**, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. H. Howard-Smith, of St. Michaels, Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and Patricia Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. **Lord**, of The Halesend, Storridge, near Malvern, Worcs.

Michael, son of the Hon. Wilfred and Mrs. **Holland-Hibbert**, of Grove House, Beckley, Oxford, and the Hon. Sheila **Portman**, elder daughter of the late Viscount Portman, and of Sybil, Viscountess Portman, of Staple Fitzpaine, Taunton.

Derrick Alix, younger son of Sir Richard **Pease**, Bt., and Lady Pease, of Prior House, Richmond, Yorks, and the Hon. Rosemary **Portman**, younger daughter of the late Viscount Portman, and of Sybil, Viscountess Portman.

Richard **Wakeford**, V.C., son of Dr. and Mrs. V. D. C. Wakeford, of Fulham, and Denise Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. N. **Corlson**, of Leigh-on-Sea, and the late Mr. S. T. Corlson.

Herbert John Frank David, son of Mr. J. C. **Morris**, of 60, Park Lane, W.1, and of Mrs. Irene Morris, and Anne Theodora, daughter of Alderman and Mrs. Howard **Coltman**, of Burleigh Hall, Loughborough, Leicester.

## SPORT

### RACING

| | |
|---|---|
| Feb. 1. | Manchester. |
| ,, 2-3. | Windsor. |
| ,, 3. | Catterick Bridge. |
| ,, 5. | Warwick. |
| ,, 7-8. | Haydock Park. |
| ,, 9-10. | Hurst Park. |
| ,, 10. | Sedgefield and Stratford. |
| ,, 12-13. | Leicester. |
| ,, 14-15. | Doncaster. |
| ,, 16-17. | Sandown Park. |

### RUGBY FOOTBALL

The following matches will take place at Twickenham:

Feb. 10, Royal Navy *v.* Royal Air Force. Feb. 24, England *v.* France. March 3, Royal Navy *v.* The Army. March 17, England *v.* Scotland. March 31, The Army *v.* Royal Air Force.

### HUNT BALLS

Feb. 2: The Cottesmore Hunt Ball at Stapleford Park, Melton Mowbray. The Vine Hunt Ball at Laverstoke House, Whitchurch, Hampshire.

Feb. 9: The "Horse and Hound" Hunt Ball, in aid of the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society, takes place in the Great Room, Grosvenor House.

Feb. 23: The Bucks Otter Hounds and North Bucks Beagles Joint Hunt Ball at the Corn Exchange, Bedford.

## ENTERTAINMENT

### THEATRE NEWCOMERS

"The Silver Box" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—revival of Galsworthy's play, with Kathleen Harrison, Marjorie Feilding, Frederick Leister and Peter Hammond. Jan. 31.

"Twelfth Night"—produced by Donald Wolfit in the Middle Temple to commemorate the play's 350th birthday. Feb. 2 and 3.

"Merely Players" (Theatre Royal, Drury Lane)—a single Gala Performance on Sunday, Feb. 4, at 6.30. An all-star show, devised by Diana Morgan and directed by Roy Rich, in aid of various theatrical charities. The 150-star cast includes Evelyn Laye, Robert Morley and Eric Portman. Tickets, 1 to 5 guineas, from the Merely Players Society, c/o, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, W.C.2.

"Candida" (New Boltons)—revival of Shaw's play directed by Peter Cotes, with Joan Millar in the name-part. Feb. 13.

"Spring in Marino" (Arts)—a comedy, from Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons," with Renée Asherson, Margaret Rawlings, Clive Morton and Derek Farr. Four weeks from Feb. 13.

"Man and Superman" (New)—revival of Shaw's play, with John Clements and Kay Hammond. Feb. 14.

"The Mad Woman of Chaillot" (St. James's)—the Broadway success by Jean Giraudoux, with Martita Hunt. Feb. 15.

"Gay's the Word" (Saville)—Ivor Novello's new musical comedy, starring Cicely Courtneidge, produced by Jack Hulbert, with lyrics by Alan Melville. Feb. 16.

### MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent on Feb. 4 at 3. Solo violin: Gioconda de Vito.

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fistulari on Feb. 4 at 7.

A concert in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign on Feb. 5 at 7.30. The London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Soloists: Eileen Joyce, Gwen Catley and Norman Walker.

The Royal Choral Society presents Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius" on Feb. 7. The London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, with Gladys Ripley, William Herbert and Richard Standen.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult on Feb. 8. Solo pianoforte: Marguerite Long.

The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Nikolai Sokoloff on Feb. 11 at 3. Solo pianoforte: Wilfred Parry.

A concert of Tchaikovsky music by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Basil Cameron on Feb. 11 at 7. Solo pianoforte: Ross Pratt.

The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Roger Desormiere on Feb. 14 at 8.

### OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: the opera season continues with "Salome" added to the repertoire. Dr. Kleiber conducts "Carmen" with Constance Shacklock in the name-part on Feb. 12, 15, 20 and 24.

At Sadler's Wells: "Cosi Fan Tutte" will be given on Feb. 3 and 9.

"The Consul" (Cambridge Theatre)—On Feb. 6 Sir Laurence Olivier presents Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera straight from its successful run in New York, where it won a Pulitzer Prize and various other awards. The complete American cast of fourteen is headed by Marie Powers and Patricia Neway.

### BALLET

At Sadler's Wells: Robert Helpmann in a revival of "The Prospect Before Us" on Feb. 13, 17 and 20.

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: Sadler's Wells Ballet open their 1951 season on Feb. 21 with "The Sleeping Princess."

## ART

At the Royal Academy, Burlington House: Holbein and other Masters of the 16th and 17th centuries. Also "Ecole de Paris, 1900-1950."

At Victoria and Albert Museum: Parlour Games and Cards. Song Titles.

At the Guildhall: City of London Art Exhibition. Feb. 2-23.

At Arts Council, 4, St. James's Square. Danish Book Illustrators. Feb. 6-March 3.

At the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, Dover Street: Paintings by Matta. Until Feb. 14.

At the Tate Gallery: Edward Wadworth Memorial Exhibition. Feb. 2.

18th Century Venice, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, High Street, Whitechapel. Until March 14.

London Group Annual Exhibition, at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street. Feb. 9.

Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, at R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1. Feb. 10-March 15.

Elliott Seabrooke Memorial Exhibition. Recent Paintings by William Scott. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Feb. 2-22.

Paintings by Hans Feibusch, and by Maurice Serullaz; at Lefevre Gallery. Feb. 8-March 3.

National Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers, at R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly. Feb. 14.

Paintings by Jan Lewitt, and recent French Lithographs by Picasso and others; at Hanover Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, W.1. Feb. 13.

## SOCIAL EVENTS

The Italian Hospital Ball at the Savoy Hotel on Feb. 5 under the patronage of the Italian Ambassador and Duchess Gallarati Scotti.

The Highland Ball will take place at the Hyde Park Hotel on Feb. 9.

A special performance of "Gay's the Word" at the Saville Theatre in aid of the Ex-Services Welfare Society on Feb. 27. The Queen has consented to attend.

An Orchestral Concert at St. James's Palace in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing on Feb. 28 at 8.30 p.m. Princess Marie Louise is chairman of the concert.

A Ball in aid of the R.S.P.C.A. at the Angel Hotel, Brigg, Lincs, on March 2. Lord Quibell of Scunthorpe is Patron of the ball, and Lord Yarborough is President.

The first showing of the film "The Browning Version" will be at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on March 15, and will be in aid of the National Advertising Benevolent Society.

The Third Pied Piper Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the Chelsea branch of the N.S.P.C.C., on March 16.

## CUPID

*John Topham.*
Miss Diana Mary Roseveare and Mr. Richard Pentney, whose engagement is announced on the opposite page.

*Pearl Freeman.*
The Hon. Sheila Portman, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Michael Holland-Hibbert. (See opposite page.)

*Pearl Freeman.*
The Hon. Rosemary Portman, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Derrick Alix Pease. (See opposite page.)

Major Richard Wakeford, V.C., and Miss Denise Elizabeth Corlson, whose engagement is announced on the opposite page.

Miss Patricia Ann Lord, daughter of Mr. L. P. Lord, Chairman of the Austin Motor Company, and her fiancé, Lt. Morfryn Howard-Smith, R.N. (See opposite page.)

*Fayer.*
Miss Jenifer Pink, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Pink, of West Runton, Norfolk, is to marry Mr. John Frost, son of Col. and Mrs. R. W. Frost.

*Lenare.*
The Hon. Grania Guinness, daughter of the late Lord and Lady Moyne, who is to marry the Marquess of Normanby, on Feb. 10.

## ENTERTAINMENT

*Adler.*
Donald Wolfit produces *Twelfth Night* in the Middle Temple, and also takes the part of Malvolio in it. (See opposite page.)

*de Marney.*
Joan Miller and Peter Cotes form a husband-and-wife partnership in the New Boltons Theatre. Next production: *Candida.* (See opposite page.)

Yvonne Mitchell, who is taking the part of Eliza Doolittle in a revival of Shaw's *Pygmalion* at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage.

*Bender.*
Kay Hammond and John Clements, to play Ann Whitefield and John Tanner in *Man and Superman* at the New Theatre. (See opposite page.)

Martita Hunt is to take the name-part in *The Mad Woman of Chaillot* at the St. James's, a rôle she played nearly 600 times on Broadway. (See opposite page.)

Constance Shacklock will sing the name-part in *Carmen* at Covent Garden for four performances under Guest Conductor Kleiber. (See opposite page.)

*Anthony.*
Robert Helpmann as he will appear when he dances in three performances of *The Prospect Before Us* at Sadler's Wells. (See opposite page.)

Gene Tierney co-stars with John Lund in *The Mating Season,* a romantic comedy due at the Plaza Theatre on Feb. 9.

*Lafayette.*
His Excellency Duke Gallarati Scotti, the Italian Ambassador, is patron of Italian Hospital Ball at Savoy Hotel on Feb. 5. (See opposite page.)

# TWO'S COMPANY

## By Elizabeth Penrose

. . . especially when they form a duet for spring. And even three 's not a crowd when it comes to a matching jacket to go over a suit—as on the left in the picture below.

★

*Left:* A loose-fitting coat over a short-sleeved dress. Wolsey makes this Utility two-piece in cocoa-brown jersey. Available towards the end of March at around £10, it will also be in a few other colours such as wine, light blue and light and dark green.

*Below, left:* Cavalry twill in various pastel shades makes this Travella three-piece from the House of Selincourt. The skirt is slim, the jacket of the suit has a split in the back, and the longer jacket has a velvet collar. Named May-June, it should be found in the following shops any time now: County Clothes of Cheltenham, Daly's of Glasgow and Marshall and Snelgrove in Southport.

*Below, right:* Charm is the name of this silver-grey worsted crêpe two-piece by Marcus. The dress has wide revers and a pleated bodice and skirt. Available at Simpson's of Piccadilly and Mary Lee of Tunbridge Wells.

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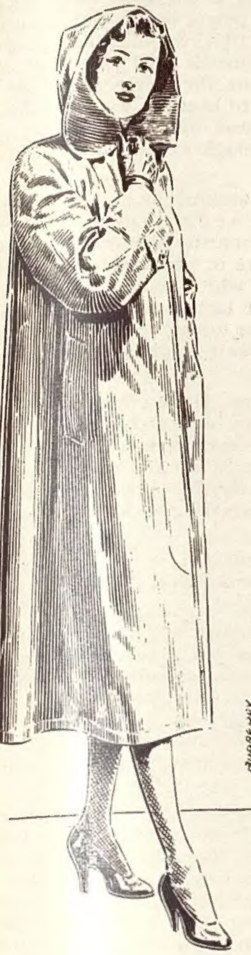
# SUITED FOR SPRING

By Elizabeth Penrose

LIGHT-WEIGHTS that carry you effortlessly through into summer . . . these suits in worsted and saxony are the answer to all queries as to what to wear in an English spring. Warmed up with a sweater underneath, or crisped up with white gloves, a boutonnière or a touch of piqué, they are equally at home on a dull or a sunny day.

*Above*: This grey saxony suit from Matita is decorated on sleeve and rever with inset bands of grey and white and fastened with a grey pearl button. Marshall and Snelgrove of London, Southport, Leicester and York should be having it about now. The hat is by Pissot and Pavy.

*Left*: Appropriately named "Ladybird," this Simon Massey model is in fine worsted with a tiny spot. It comes in blue, beige and grey effects and is obtainable at Galleries Lafayette of Regent Street, Rocha of Grafton Street, and June Mackay of Birmingham.



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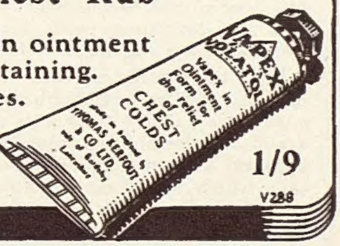


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## The Odd Half-Page

# DO YOU WRITE IN YOUR BATH?

## By James Dowdall

"NOW these are the shoes for *you*," said the assistant. "You could walk straight out of here in them into two inches of water and stand there for six weeks. The tests have proved it!"

"But I don't want to," I said. "I just want them for—for walking about in."

It seemed that his sales-manual had not provided an answer to this. For a moment he looked at me incredulously, then frowned, as though he thought I might be pulling his leg. And at last he relaxed and just looked at me, apparently studying the bone-formation of a man who didn't care whether he could stand in a puddle for six weeks or not.

It all started years ago with pens. At one time, all we required of a pen was that it should write. And then an American manufacturer decided that this was a dull, tame way of looking at it. Suppose, he argued, that your secretary, in a moment of coquetry, flipped your fountain-pen out of the window of your office on the fiftieth floor and it smashed to fragments on the pavement? A fine fool you'd look! But not if you had one of his pens, which had already been tested by being dropped from an airplane on to a concrete runway. No executive, therefore, should be content to sign his letters with a pen which had not been dropped from a height on to a runway. He owed it to his employer, the community and his own self-respect.

Those who understood the public were not surprised when, having got over initial bewilderment at this theorem, they began to whisper that the gentleman was right, and to fight for his pens. And other manufacturers started to follow in his wake.

First there came a hatter who hired a steam-roller and drove it several times to and fro over his hats to show that even if his customers had the mischance to have their hats run over by a number of steam-rollers, they would still be able to wear them when the nuisance had abated. Then a baker, even more air-minded than the pen-bomber, evolved a sponge-cake which would not collapse if the purchaser were to take it up to a height of 15,000 ft. in a non-pressurised aircraft. And, sure enough, thousands of city clerks and typists beat a track to his door.

Soon several dozens of other commodities were being subjected to all sorts of ingenious tests. The well-dressed man discovered that he could, were he so minded, leave his plastic tie in a tray of sump-oil in the garage overnight and only have to rub it over with petrol before putting it on next day. His wife was freed from the worry that, should she be absent-minded enough to stand her glass-fabric umbrella in a carboy of acid instead of an umbrella-stand, it would be none the worse. And before long, we, in England, had become accustomed to hearing, without a smile, that the metal teapot which the salesman was offering us would not become discoloured should we be whimsical enough to dip it in turpentine and throw it into the fire.

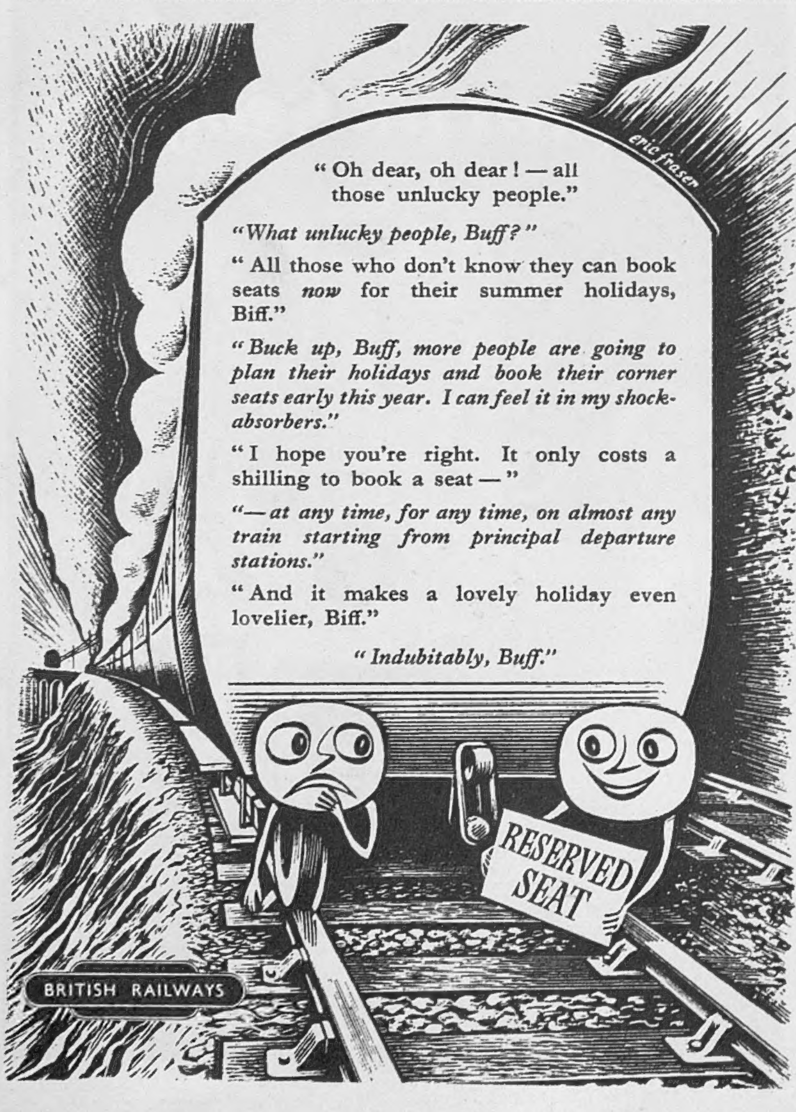
Through it all, however, the pens were marching on; and the great morning came when we read in the papers that we could now buy one with which we could write our names, under water, on the bottom of the bath. This might have been accepted as the ultimate in penmanship. But no. Soon afterwards, somebody invented a pen which would write upside down—on the ceiling, as it might be—and at last came the perfect pen which would write both upside-down and under water, suggesting an ideal birthday gift for divers who like writing "*The Captain of S.S. Anthrax is a ******" on the bottoms of ships.

And now a new and fascinating question arises: Have you an uncle who, when he is nervous at a dinner party, takes off his watch and, holding it by the strap, lowers it gently into his soup, counts five and hoists it out again. Then, slowly . . . slooowly . . . he lifts it up and drops it with a clatter on to the table. Then, still very slowly, he once more lowers it into the soup, repeating the routine until everybody goes home or dies.

If you have such a relation, you can buy the very watch to please him; because I saw one going through just these convolutions in a shop window—if you substitute water for soup—and the notice said it had been doing it for ages.

Alternatively, if you have an aunt who, though too grand to stand in puddles for more than an hour or so, reverses the process by filling her riding boots with water and growing pond-weeds in them, she too can be catered for by a shop in whose window it is demonstrated how this may be done. And those who like loud bangs would be delighted to receive one of the electronic cookers in which eggs explode from the violence of the heat as soon as it is turned on, and which has the subsidiary merit that it "gives warning of approaching aircraft."

It seems, however, that I am not the only reactionary in these matters. For shortly after the shoe incident I saw a Frenchman trying to buy a collar in a London shop. First the salesman took the collar, tied it in a double knot and tugged at the ends till his veins stood out. Then he untied it and straightened it out. The Frenchman remained unimpressed. Next he tied one end round a central-heating pipe, heaved at it like a sailor on a rope, and restored it once more to shape. For a moment the Frenchman regarded him quizzically and in silence. And then, with a little shrug, he remarked: "*Oui. Oui. Mais moi je ne fait pas comme ça.*"

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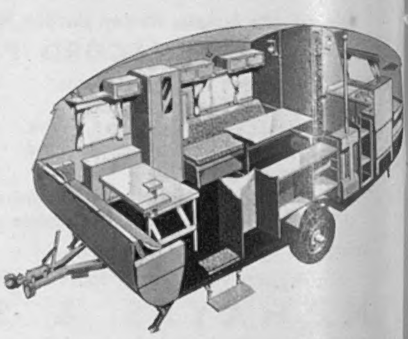

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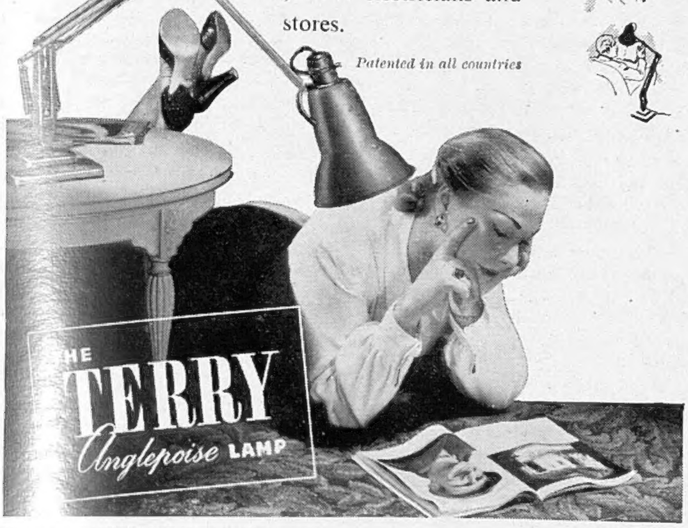


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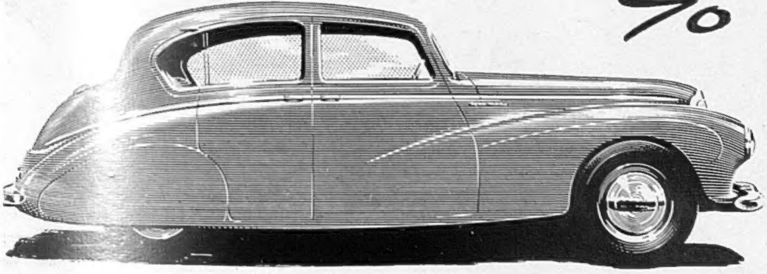

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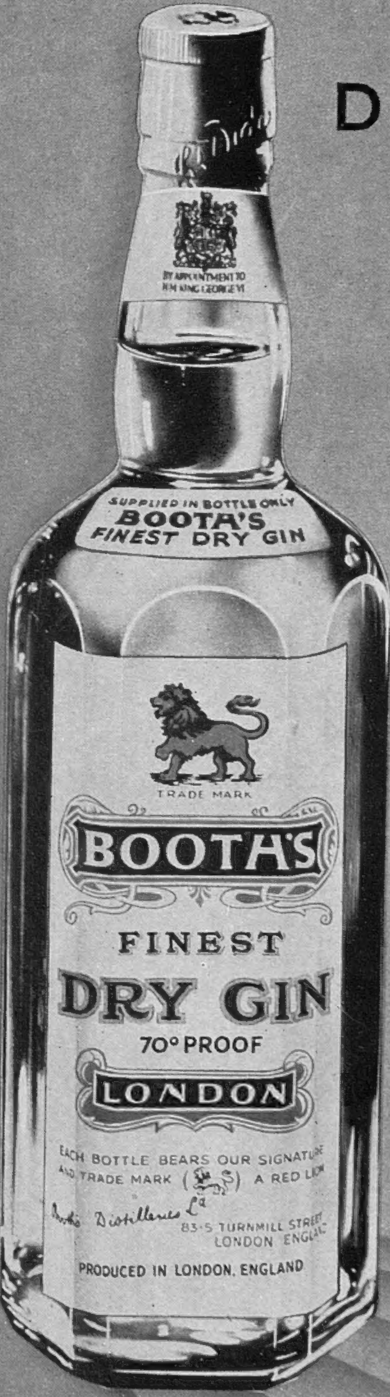


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*HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN* *Thomas Dun*


## *'He swam for his life . . . but was finally overcome'*

Thomas Dun, murderer and highwayman, caused travellers to fear the road between St. Albans, Dunstable and Towcester. For over twenty years he was successful in his wicked life, but one day when he happened to be alone he was set upon by a large number of country people armed with clubs, forks and rakes. They chased him until he reached a river, where he disrobed, and, taking his sword between his teeth, swam for his life. But the people took to boats and belaboured him with their oars. In spite of his great courage, he was finally overcome and tried and convicted at Bedford. These picturesque scoundrels, who once made travelling an ordeal, are dead and gone. But to-day, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, we can travel in safety and comfort past the places that once echoed to the dreaded cry of "Stand and Deliver!"

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1951. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.
POSTAGE RATES :—INLAND 2d. CANADA 1½d. ELSEWHERE ABROAD 2½d.